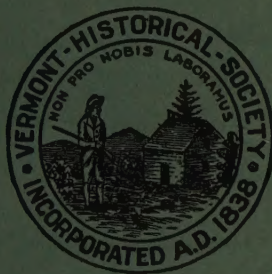


NEW SERIES

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VOL. II No. 2

PROCEEDINGS
of the
VERMONT
Historical Society



Edmunds Prize Awards
Washington Essay Contest
Eldridge's Tour in 1833
History of Goshen

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY
Montpelier Vermont

JUNE
1931

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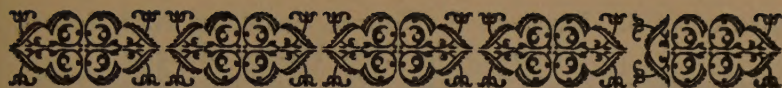
Montpelier Vermont

1931

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EDMUNDS MEMORIAL PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

PRIZE WINNERS FOR 1931

THE WASHINGTON ESSAY COMPETITION

The results of the annual Edmunds Memorial Essay Contest have been announced by the secretary, the Honorable Walter H. Crockett:

First Prize of \$100.00 Harris Shepard, Burlington

Second Prize of \$50.00 Ross L. Baraw, Lyndon

Third Prize of \$25.00 Herman Mercier, Swanton

The winners of the above prizes are selected from the winners of contests in each of the twelve districts into which the State is divided for the purposes of this contest. The district winners receive bronze medals with their names engraved, certificates, and five dollars in cash. The list of district winners, including the above, and giving the titles of their essays, follows:

District No. 1. Paul LaBounty, Orleans High School, "Irasburgh."

District No. 2. Ross L. Baraw, Lyndon Institute, "Life of Col. Seth Warner."

District No. 3. Herman Mercier, St. Anne's Academy, Swanton, "Lake Champlain in the American Revolution."

District No. 4. Paulita Beauchemin, Shelburne High School, "Ethan Allen."

District No. 5. Harris Shepard, Cathedral High School, Burlington, "Sketches of Vermont in the World War."

- District No. 6. Elizabeth R. Hosmer, Spaulding High School, Barre, "The Early History of Barre."
- District No. 7. Emily Twombly, Waterbury High School, "The Vermont State Hospital."
- District No. 9. Laura E. Kelsey, Brandon High School, "A Notable Event in Our Town."
- District No. 10. Halbert L. King, Readsboro High School, "The Maple Sugar Industry."
- District No. 11. Jane E. O'Brien, Bellows Falls High School, "Vermont in the War of 1812."
- District No. 12. Irene LaFountain, Springfield High School, "The Floods of Vermont."

No essay was submitted from District No. 8, which includes Rutland.

The prize winners deserve the congratulations of the Vermont Historical Society, and of all who take interest in Vermont. The annual contest serves to remind us of a name which ranks high among the great leaders of the United States Senate; it does more, in that it keeps up, among at least a few in Vermont schools, a lively enthusiasm for that inspiration from the past which illuminates our present and our future.

* * * *

In addition to the usual Edmunds Prize Essay Contest, the committee in charge announces two additional competitions for Vermont students during the present year. To stimulate interest in the approaching bicentennial of the birth of George Washington, the committee invite essays on the general subjects: *George Washington And His Place In American History*. Essays are not to exceed 1500 words, and must be in the hands of the committee on or before December 31st, 1931. At a public function to be held on Washington's birthday, 1932, the actual awards will be made. One prize of \$50.00 will be given for the best essay submitted by a student in any academy, high school, or junior high school in Vermont. Another prize of \$50.00 will be given for the best essay submitted by a student in any graded or parochial school in the State. Further information concerning this special contest, or the annual Edmunds contest, may be had from the secretary of the committee in charge, Mr. Walter H. Crockett, of Burlington.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH VERMONT TO MONTREAL AND QUEBEC IN 1833

By CHARLES WILLIAM ELDRIDGE
1811-1883

The writer of this journal lived and died in Hartford, Connecticut. His father, William Eldridge (Eldredge), and his grandfather, Ensign Charles Eldredge, were prominent citizens of Groton, Connecticut, the latter serving in the Revolution. The purpose of this tour was to sell certain wild lands in the vicinity of Montpelier. The author, one of the best miniature painters of his time, took advantage of the occasion to paint several pictures of Montpelier women. His artist's eye for the picturesque in scenery, and for feminine beauty, and his ability for graphic description, make this document unusually entertaining. The brief accounts of Brattleboro, Windsor, Woodstock, Royalton, and Burlington, and the more complete descriptions of Barre and Montpelier, present vividly the appearance, and something of the life, of the Vermont of a century ago.

The copy of this portion of the journal was presented to the Vermont Historical Society by the author's nephew, William Henry Eldridge, of Twin Falls, Idaho.

ON THE excursion which produced these few and hasty sketches, I started with the intention of going only as far as Montpelier, Vermont and that for the purpose of transacting some business in the sale of wild lands that had long remained neglected in the possession of my Father, but which the age of twenty-one had given to my care.

The 28th of June left my sister's residence in Tolland, Ct. and in company of my friend T. H. Parker, who had kindly consented to accompany me, I soon lost sight of my native village. To exchange the oppressive heat of the midsummer sun in Connecticut for the cool breezes that sweep the lofty summits of the Green Mountains was no small inducement to this just commenced journey. Besides, our route following the Connecticut river, took us through the most delightful country in the New England

States and the fine season for traveling. Altogether we anticipated much pleasure.

At 5 o'clock P. M. arrived at Springfield, Mass., dis. 22 miles. Stop'd at the Phelps Hotel. Engaged seats in the morning stage. Retired early.

June 29th. After an early breakfast the stage was ready for Northampton. The line continued to Brattleboro, Vt. but N. is the first change in the route. We were fortunate in the stages going on the west side of the river this day, it being far the most interesting in point of localities and scenery. The town clock toll'd nine as we crossed the bridge, leaving Springfield midway on the river, stopping into West Springfield. We had thus far covered familiar ground. But passing through the fertile township of Westfield we commenced scanning a new country, to us. It held to view, though nothing curious to the man of wonders, all that was beautiful in the luxuriance of vegetation. An almost perfect plain extends on each side of the river, with every inch of soil cultivated—the ground covered and groaning under the weight of its rich but honest burthen. Grain is the staple produce, principally wheat and rye. The far brought Connecticut, that here lords it in the very lap of luxury, comes sluggishly meandering on the perfect parallel to Hogarth's *line of Beauty*. It indeed gives a sweet expression of quiet and happiness to the country and would make a fine picture, with the distant range of mountains, of which Mt. Holyoke is one, for a background. We have this mountain constantly in view from Springfield and it is a good point of observation. Near it the river makes some surprising bends, at one time forming almost an Island of seven miles in circumference. It washes three sides of the celebrated Mt. Holyoke which rises boldly from its shore and separates it from Mt. Torrey. There being barely a channel between the two fine Mountains for the river. They appear in passing between them to be of equal altitude. The mountain house is distinctly seen at this pass, also the path to its lofty summit. The view from thence must be magnificent and we much regretted that we could not enjoy it.

At ½ past 11 arrived at Northampton. The morning had been very fine, a cool air and clear sky. The road smooth and good stages. Had two lady passengers from Florida that were going to be our fellow travellers through. Agreeable company is the

life of travelling. We found Northampton a delightful place, as it is called by all travellers, but were disappointed in its magnitude, from preconceived notions of its being a large blustering town. The Round Hill school edifice is a beautiful and delicate style of Architecture, in a retired yet airy situation. In the rear at some distance, almost retreating into a thick wood, are several private mansions that appear like palaces. Immediately after dinner the stages were ready for starting, and notwithstanding the addition of an extra, were most uncomfortably crowded. This stage carries us to Greenfield. The distance from Springfield to Brattleboro is 60 miles and the route is divided into three rides of 20 miles each. A short distance from Northampton the road diverges from the banks of the Connecticut which is seen no more till at Brattleboro.

We were now passing through the delightful villages of Had-dam, Hatfield, Hadley, and Deerfield. These towns much resemble each other. They are neat and venerable looking places, and with many others in the valley are so luxuriant and well known that their beauty is proverbial. A few miles past Hadley we were struck with the view of a singular appearing mountain, in the shape of a sugar loaf, from which 'sweet' form it has its name "the sugar loaf mountain." It rises boldly to a great height, from a cultivated plain directly by the roadside. It has a companion just beyond, their bases joining. Between the two, opens a most splendid perspective view of mountain scenery. Bloody-Brooke is the dearly bought name of a little place between Hadley and Deerfield, some twenty houses.

In the drawing room at the Tavern you see a large painting of a contest between whites and Indians. It is an attempt to represent the tragic scene, acted on the ground where the village now stands in the early frontier wars. From the records it appears that Capt. Lathrop was stationed at Deerfield where there were some extensive fortifications, with the command of a company of ninety to an hundred men. From a long period of quiet and uninterrupted peace, their fears of hostilities were lulled and feelings of 'perhaps careless' security caused them to relax in constant vigilance, they had so long made a duty. There were no signs of danger and nothing to cause them to suspect the approximation of lurking foes. Glad of the apparent safe opportunity to free themselves for a short time from the restraint of discipline,

they projected and started on an excursion in pursuit of grapes that grew profusely in the neighbouring forests and came to this spot where it seems the views offered the tempting fruit. Still, although feeling confidently safe, they took some precaution, and marched with their arms, and scoured the woods around. No red face showed his dark skin or discovered a half concealed trail. Now sanguine, they returned in high spirits and full of anticipation. Leaving their guns and all that might encumber on the ground, they eagerly sprang into the trees, cheering each other with shouts and laughter in this work of pleasure. They were a gallant band of youth, the flower of the country, the pride of fathers who admired the bravery and spirit that stimulated them to volunteer their services and lives, for the defense of their country and firesides. Such was the case. But soon the work of pleasure was to be changed for the work of death; and life and health to be no more. *A large body of Indians*, to the number of six or seven hundred, either fallen upon their trail by chance, or appraised by their sagacity of their intentions had followed, and too successfully surrounded, in most cunning silence, this devoted company. They thought not of danger, but made the woods resound to their merry voices, while every bush even under their very feet, covered a savage blood-hound more subtle than the serpent, whose fiery eyes flashed from beneath their concealment in rapid glances of hellish delight. Still the sure blow was slow to come, as if the mottled fiends feared their insatiable spirit of cruelty would be too soon satisfied, But now, oh what and whence those horrid sounds that split and rent the air, what those dark fearful bodies moving swiftly about like spirits from the earth, and why those awful shrieks and dying groans? In an instant like the quick lightning the woods were all alive. The arms of the company were in the possession of the enemy, and weaponless and unnerved they rapidly fell from the charges of their own guns. Then shrank the timid and stood still the brave. Some fought hand to hand in desperate fury, but defenseless against such numbers. 'Twas only surprising that one escaped to tell the sad fate of his companions to weeping friends.

Remained at Bloody Brook only to water and take some passengers. They were soon obliged to add still another extra stage for the increasing number of passengers. The dust was now blown about by some wind sent up from the south to trouble us.

The sun beating down from its meridian height, hot enough to bake our pericraniums, should any happen to be unbaked, with being literally jammed into the car so as to prevent a circulation of air, made the riding but so so.

Deerfield was for a long time a frontier town and was constantly exposed to the attacks of French and Indians from whom it suffered much. In February, 1704, the Fort which they had found it necessary to build for their protection was surprised and taken just before daylight, owing to the negligence of a sentinel. The inhabitants were roused from their slumbers by the furious attacks of cruel enemies on their defenceless dwellings. Their houses were burnt and the wretched tenants were inhumanly butchered or carried into worse captivity. One house still remains a painful memento to posterity. The savages hacked through the door to fire into the house, a hole which is now only covered on the inside. A bullet fired through the window killed a female, the head of the family, and another fired in a joist is still there. They are most interesting monuments. The clergyman, Rev. John Williams and family fared a like fate with the others. The pistol he snapped at the Indians when they rushed into his bedroom is now in the Deerfield Academy. Deerfield is an ancient town, and its history is very interesting. In a retrospective view of the past, the acts and motives of men may be seen in their true light. The whole train of circumstances, cause and effect is then before us. Let impartial man review the transactions connected with the early history of our country and mark closely the ways of France in her dealings, and contest with its suffering colonists. History cannot furnish the counterpart to scenes so diabolical, to acts so inhuman as those devised and prosecuted by those Frenchmen. Imagination would tire and the heart sicken at the recountal of butcheries and worse than butcheries perpetrated by their savage hell hounds upon infancy, innocence and virtue.

Greenfield we arrived at about 4 o'clock P. M. It is a lively town, the streets built mostly of brick, which gives it the appearance of quite a city. Entering the village we passed the Seminary and dwelling of Mr. Root, father to Miss Root of "Auld lang sine." 'Tis in a delightful situation. The hotel at this place is a fine establishment. We stop't but a few moments and our march was still onward.

Among the rest, had for stage company several of the boatmen

on the river whose occupation 'tis to float large rafts of timber, some from the highest sources of the Connecticut, the distance of 250 or 300 miles down the river to Hartford, which place is the general depot for immense quantities every season. The men are mostly from the Green Mountains, a hardy, stout race, and after getting their rafts cash'd, which are generally worth several thousand dollars, they return in the stages, happy as kings, and often repeat the laborious dangerous excursion three times in the season. Pass'd many pleasant villages, the names of which have not retained. Crossed the Massachusetts line into Vermont a few miles after leaving Greenfield, and came into Brattleborough about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 o'clock in the evening.

Riding through the main street, we were surprised at the noise, bustle and city like appearance. On each side large blocks of brick stores and spacious hotels. 'Twas difficult to believe that we were in the back woods of *Varmount* more than a hundred miles from the nearest sea shore. We found the hotel thronged with people, and considered ourselves fortunate in securing one out of a dozen beds made up in the Ball room. Sat to a good supper, where who should fall in the range of our perceptive faculties, but our bon homme, George Clark from Hartford. Fatigued from the jolting, jouncing, squeezing, stewing confinement of an all day's ride, with our eyes broiled by the sun and ground to two thirds their usual bigness by the dust, we were glad to pile our bones in bed in some comfortable position and court sleep at an early hour. But the snoring propensities of our neighbors here presented an appalling obstacle in the way to pleasant dreams. However, the morning came and found us alive, and in Brattleborough, Vt., June 30th. We were so much pleased with the place that it required but little urging from our friend Clark to induce us to remain a few days, and we did not at all regret our stay. There are many elegant private mansions and the buildings, mostly new and in good taste, have an air of neatness and comfort seldom met with. In the evening, scarcely passed a well looking house without hearing the pleasing and familiar sounds of the Piano in accompaniment with the cheerful laughter-loving voice of its fair possessor. On Sunday attended the Episcopal Church in the forenoon which has a handsome interior. The Presbyterian in the afternoon where we had a fine seat, a regular orthodox sermon, and pretty black eyes. But it is the scenery

that makes the charming B. 'Tis only too beautiful for the picturesque and romantic. The mountains extending and retreating in regular courses to the horizon, are covered with dense foliage of the richest green, and rolling with the gentle, swelling undulation of the ocean, lie in soft quiet repose upon the face of nature like the embodied fancies of a Poet's dream. They are not those cloud capp'd summits, etc., but lofty just enough to fill the eye. Such as the man of peace and quiet would be happy in contemplating. A mountain in front of our hotel was a most splendid object. It rose almost from the very threshold of the door, and towering into the air 1200 feet above our heads, was covered with vegetation to its highest summit. We wished to have the view from the top of this patriarch of mountains, and although told that there were rattle snakes inhabiting it, in company with Clark, having prepared ourselves, started on the excursion. But our strong hearts soon failed us, for notwithstanding we had divested ourselves of all unnecessary clothing and had not gained one fourth of the way, we found ourselves ready to melt from the heat. The numerous springs that sent their waters trickling down, were a gracious relief to us, and a beautiful cascade formed by the combination of these streams, in a delightful grotto, at once cooled our boiling systems and our ambition. The few days spent at B. were most oppressively hot, and the more so from the place being screened from the wind by the hills. We could not endure it, but to the neglect of several pictures engaged.

July 2d bade a hasty adieu to Brattleborough. At day break we were come to a village called Putney 14 miles from B. and drove from thence, to Walpole, N. H., it being on the east side of the river which divides the two states, 8 miles from Putney. Here we were provided with breakfast, for which I had little appetite from my ride of 22 miles. Walpole is another handsome village, with fine houses and hotel. We here took in our Florida ladies, again. Sure we were a little amused at thus coming together accidentally. They were now going to prosecute their journey through, which extended to Haverhill, N. Hampshire. We were soon rapidly rolling along again. Still on the ever beautiful banks of the Connecticut. Good teams, over fine roads, distance is almost forgotten. 12 miles from W., and were at the somewhat celebrated rapids on the river, called Bellows Falls. It is a most

singular place. The wildness of nature is here combined to make the scene hideous. A ragged, jagged, perpendicular, chaotic mass of mountains seems to totter as you ride beneath them, on the one hand and on the other the river, as tho' lashed by ten thousand furies, comes foaming, tumbling and roaring, forcing its pent up way between huge masses of ill shapen rocks. The eye looks about fearful for a place of security. We were now on the N. H. side. The town of the falls is on the opposite side to which the stage crosses to change teams and for passengers. It is quite a place and a short distance back are several elegant mansions, light and airy, a contrast to the natural scenery. The bridge on which we crossed has for buttments two natural rocks at each end, about 20 feet apart, between which the whole body of the river forces its way. There are no perpendicular falls, but violent rapids for $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. We continue on the New Hampshire side, the distance of 12 miles to the town of:

Charlestown, N. H. This town is much like East Hartford, Ct. Except it loses greatly by the comparison. Had an addition of several ladies to our company from this place. T. H. P. and myself were the only gentlemen inside. Of course no difficulty in a monopoly in such a case. Crossed the river here in a boat drawn by chains and windlass attached to each shore, their bridge having been carried away by a freshet. A short distance from Charlestown passed the seat of Mr. Jarvis, formerly our consul abroad. He own an entire village named Weathersfield. A few hours ride brought us to the third principal town in Vermont.

Windsor, Vt. is about 40 miles from Walpole. We had ridden that distance since breakfast and were most happy to sit down to a good dinner. Had very little opportunity for seeing this village. The street, however, through which we rode, was ornamented with handsome houses and business-like blocks of brick stores. Through a window I observed girls in a printing office, one of whom was at work at the press. The huge mountain Ascutney, which we had in view for twenty miles back, with its bald and hoary head, forms a splendid background to the town. It is 3325 feet [~~3144 feet~~] above the level of the sea. Mr. Deming and his lady that was a few days before Miss Chase of Brattleborough, here took the stage, leaving their private carriage, and were an agreeable acquisition to our company. We had seen her at B., a most beautiful girl. A short distance from Windsor we

bade adieu to the fertile valley of the Connecticut and to its lordly river, after following its green banks, with some deviations, for 120 miles. Now in a carriage drawn by six noble horses, the constant succeeding hills were rapidly overcome and were fast to appearance entombing ourselves in this state of mountains. I had never conceived of ground so uneven. The state of Connecticut though rough, is a plain in comparison. To extend your view the distance of forty yards, it is necessary to look directly up into the air. For mountains tower their luxuriant sides, in every direction, and after reaching the tops of what appear the loftiest, with the hopes of relieving the eye, in a distance, you are surprised and vexed at seeing start up before you like a Phoenix, others equally large. But the teams accustomed to the roads, run down the long hills, unless too steep, in which case the driver chains the wheel and walks them very fast. Thus by changing often they travel as fast as on a level road. Our Florida ladies had got into another stage, which made room for a couple of damsels from Towell Factory. Passed several villages through to:

Woodstock, Vt. This is an elegant little place. The residence of some men of fine taste, as is evinced in the beautiful style of several private houses. Here took Judge Emerson aboard, from his princely establishment, and 'twas right fortunate too, being as 'twas going to rain and be very dark. He was taken in his tubs, and of course in a merry mood, made time pass swimmingly all the tedious way to Royalton. It was however notwithstanding the indifference of those inside a most dangerous ride. Repeatedly the stage ran upon the brink of precipices, going up and down steep hills that were 150 feet deep, where the least failure in the harness or unruliness in the horses, would have sent us all to the bottom. The stage did indeed capsize, but fortunately, 'twas on more level ground. We arrived much fatigued but safely at:

Royalton, Vt. about 8 o'clock in the evening. Had ridden about 90 miles that day, it being 30 from this place to Windsor. Discovered the loss of my valise. Suspecting it to have been left at Woodstock, I sent back requesting it sent to Montpelier. I also had the misfortune to have my casket injured, by the careless driver throwing it from the top of the coach. [NOTE: *This refers to his portrait painting outfit container. C. H. E.*] Drivers, porters, landlords, in fact, no one can be trusted when traveling. The

only safe way, unless one has a faithful servant, is to see to one's own baggage, when shifting, and trust it to no one. It had rained the afternoon and continued storming in the night. The only clouded sky that we had witnessed for the week. The weather having been unusually fine during our journey. We were thankful for a shelter and a comfortable bed, where soon after our tea we forgot alike the pleasures and the fatigue of traveling.

July 3d. Awoke from the sleep of a weary man's rest, long before the break of day, by the imperious summons of the coachman. Stage ready for Montpelier. There was no alternative, 'though I fain would have gone back to my dreams. After a few ineffectual attempts I succeeded in making the floor, and sickish and half asleep, followed our moving luggage to the stage. On the stairs encountered the young bride, who certainly had either not been asleep for the night, or had waked very early, enough to get the mists of forgetfulness brushed from her sparkling but soft eyes. Adieu to Royalton. Seen in the gloom of darkness, I should not judge too harshly. But it seemed to me that sombre night might well brood in silence over such a place. So much for *Royalton*. Ensconced in one corner of the coach, I should even now have got along quite comfortably, had not the Old Nick of fate placed there also, opposite me, such a walking talking mass of perfume that I was obliged to mount the outside and inhale the cool breezes and damp dews of the forest in preference. Finally after a most delectable ride of a few hours reached the breakfasting post, and there, by all the powers of medicine, I thought I should have died from looking at their table alone. 'Twas a most wretched mess. We had not at any time before occasion to complain in the least, of want of comfort at the hotels. But found them all uniformly well conducted, with good entertainment and attendants. Glad to escape from such a place, we hoped to find things resume their wonted appearance, and to be able to rest for a short time our weary bones when arrived:

Montpelier, Vt. From the summit of a high hill, descending after a few turns, the capital of the state of Vermont, the place of our destination, at once presents itself to view, snugly nestled in the protecting lap of huge mountains. We were disappointed in the view, and felt a little chagrin, that in point of size and elegance, we had expected too much of Montpelier. But in fact there had been in our route, many villages too beautiful to have

a superior even in the principal town. A short distance now over and we were introduced to a closer acquaintance with the place, about the hour of noon, and after a most unpardonable ride of 30 miles from Royalton. This seemed to be an ill fated day. In addition to our morning's vexations, we here found more serious inconveniences, from the crowds of strangers, in attendance upon the Anti-Masonic Convention just opened, who had filled the hotels. The next day, the 4th, would be a day of parade; and hating such mobs, we immediately got into a stage and drove to the village of Barre about six miles where we could have peace and quiet. Though variety may be the *spice* of life, I think no one would prefer *all-spice*. At any rate after our so late jolting we thought ourselves too happy for a few days, amid the domestic sameness of a country village.

Barre, July 4th. We were now in a higher latitude, and also at a much higher altitude, surely, than I ever expected to be, at this national anniversary. But early we were awakened to realize that we had not yet pass't the "Rubicon" of independence: that this day still holds its empire in the honest hearts of honest free-man, and is ushered into existence, at the far north with the same enthusiasm as at the south. My first business was now to enquire after and obtain an interview with my agent, Chas. Robinson, Esquire, to whom I had a letter from my brother. With some difficulty, and after a ride to Plainfield where he resided, I accidentally met him at Barre, returning from the convention at Montpelier. Although the first impressions from his appearance were unfavorable, and a sinister expression that marked his countenance, told me beware, yet after some conversation, his apparently candid manner and communicative disposition reconciled in some measure my fears. I had to learn from Mr. Robinson the situation of the lands belonging to William Eldridge in Fayston, which by his *power of Attorney* from my Father, he had perfect possession of to sell and convey as he thought best, which power was given a number of years back, it having been previously in the hands of Joseph W. Eldridge, Esquire, of Warren. This was a convenient opportunity for a dishonest man to profit by, if property knavishly obtained can profit any one. As to Mr. Robinson's honor and faithfulness in the discharge of his trust, I do not decide; at least I do not care to indict my impressions here, and I shall omit the particulars respecting my business with

him, only stating that in regard to settlement of his account for agency commissions, lawyers fees, costs, taxes, etc., etc., I made it upon his own terms. And now although "curtailed of some of its fair proportions" I found myself the indubitable possessor and rightful owner of lots of land, some wild as that on which our native savage drew his yard arm bow. But to the events of the day.

An introduction to the committee of arrangements procured for us an invitation to their splendid repast and a seat at their right hand. After the dishes were removed the bottle commenced its merry round, toasts, bon-mots, and many a jeu de esprit all in readiness, were just to be launched at hap on this wide breathing world, to meet the laugh, and claim the loud hurrah, when the sport was suddenly interrupted by the bold bearing of a tempestuous overhanging cloud, breathing furiously into our very faces with torrents of rain. The pert little cannon, before stunning us with its announcing guns, was now silenced by the reverberating echoes from the loud artillery above, and all were glad to desert the banquet board for shelter. Among the novelties attending the celebration, "for people though inhabiting sister states and constantly intermingling have many peculiarities," I was struck with the addition to their corps of Artillerists, of soldiers whose duty was to bury the dead. Their uniforms were frocks of chintz calico, falling below the knees, fastened about the waist by a sash. A turban and plume upon the head, and in their hands a spade and hoe. A truly singular parade for these "piping times of peace." The habits of the gunners and ensigns were the same with some little distinction. A handsome band of men, and in their tactics, the Green Mountain boys may compete with the military of any of the states.

But that which caused no little sport and at the onset, alarm, was a company of 40-50 men and boys, perfectly disguised like Indians, their faces, arms and legs painted, with blankets, tomahawks, and guns. Prepared as we were to expect them, and watching on tip-toe to catch a first glimpse, they skilfully ambushed themselves near to the assembled concourse unseen, and at unawares, rushed upon them so suddenly, with "horrid yell and gesture wild," that it was one scene of confusion, and, I must confess, for the instant sent the blood back curdling to my heart. Like the spectral phantoms of a dream they vanished as quick

as they appeared, and the panic a little subsided, the cause was nowhere to be seen. But the tawny maskers cross'd our path often after the first encounter and became gradually more familiar. The scene was well enacted and for the step and attitude I could almost have sworn they were what they represented.

One part of my business now over July 5th we jumped aboard the first stage and in short found ourselves in Montpelier once again, where we now found excellent accommodations at Cottrel Hotel. Intended remaining a short time in order to receive offers for the Fayston lands, which I exposed immediately for sale. They are situated about 20 miles west of Montpelier, and being attended with many difficulties to ascertain their precise boundaries, I decided I would dispose of them from advice and information obtained, unsight and unseen by me, to the highest bidder. Mr. Robinson gave me a letter to Mr. Keith of M. who assisted me much, being acquainted with the property, and made me a proposal for the whole concern. This was business I did not much relish, being unaccustomed to the plodding, plotting art of making good bargains. For this reason I should hastily have closed a contract with Mr. Keith, though at a great sacrifice, and avoided any further trouble and anxiety. But meeting some acquaintances that were anxious we should remain, and who had engaged a number of pictures [portraits] we took rooms at Colborn's Union Hotel, and I concluded not to close with Mr. K.'s offer immediately, but like Clara Fisher to "sleep on it."

Montpelier is made the capital of the state from its central position though the point was long disputed by Burlington, and is I believe now not settled. But the state house, now building under the superintendence of Mr. Egerton the Lieutenant Governor, and to be of great elegance and expense, surpassing that of any other state, is considered the keystone that will secure the capitol where the Legislature have now placed it. Onion River marks the boundary between this and the town of Berlin, and is united by another stream passing transversely through M., which enriches a small alluvial angle, on which the secluded village is built. It seems isolated indeed. For turn the eye in whatever direction and mountains, like modern Alps towering in the air, obstruct the view. You almost feel shut up from the world, imprisoned, and in fact are strongly impress'd with your relative situation to the Battencas of Switzerland. On the bank of the

beautiful river, the principal street extends for near a mile, and many of the houses, and trees which are luxuriant, are sweetly reflected from its mirror like bosom. Could this stream be made navigable over the rapids that occur in its course, to the lake where it empties, it would facilitate trade and be an immense advantage to this center of the state. Still as it is, the interchange of commodities between M., and Boston, their greatest thoroughfare, is by large teams overland. Articles of merchandise are sold here, at about the same rate as in either of the cities on the seaboard and 'tis astonishing the quantities disposed of yearly.

I shall hurriedly pass over the incidents of our stay at Montpelier where we soon became known and had our rooms thronged with company. The epidemic for miniatures was universal, as almost everyone appeared crazy to see their interesting physiogs on ivory, and being particularly successful in pleasing, notices of our productions appeared in each of the journals, praising them and extolling us to the skies. There is a laudable pride and secret satisfaction in being over spoken of in this way, and cherished by the public. But sentiments of respect flowing from such good feeling as evinced by the inhabitants of M. were received with double rapture. I can not describe the affability, sociability, and pleasantness of the people in any measured terms. Suffice it to say that time pass'd rapidly away scarce accounted for, and that months instead of days as I expected, made their irrevocable exit, leaving us still in Montpelier. At a party given by Miss Jewet, "a particular friend of T. H. P." we were introduced to the Governor and his lady, also made the acquaintance of several *bonnes petites femmes* from out of town. Expected the pleasure of seeing the beautiful heiress, Miss Langdon, as Miss J. was kind enough to promise me, but unfortunately she left town for the springs.

Attended Miss Clark's lectures, a new system of education, historical facts illustrated by means of charts, etc. The audience were thrown into great consternation one of the evenings by the entrance of a crazy man, who bursting the door, rushed into the room with a naked knife in his hand, in a very threatening manner. The gentlemen courageously laying hold of him, however, soon expelled him without injury to any one. The same poor creature alarmed us exceedingly one midnight by clambering up to our windows on the second floor, making most hideous noises.

Mr. Keith was now somewhat urgent to have the contract at issue between us closed. Knowing him for a short fellow, I at the instigation of some friends who advised me I might do better, decided to ride to Fayston and ascertain more satisfactorily the value of the property there. It was a delightful ride of 20 miles, "for business of whatever importance can never deprive me the pleasure of enjoying passing objects." We crossed the Onion river at Woodstock [Middlesex?] 6 miles from M., where from the bridge is presented a scene more magnificently wild and grand than anything I ever beheld. I would not attempt description. But we afterwards visited it for the purpose of taking a sketch, and spent half a day there feasting our senses upon so rude a specimen of nature, highly gratified. Attached to the book is an outline giving a faint idea of the scenery from a position below the bridge. And now another treat. The camel's hump mountain, (in contour like the back of that animal) which we had heard spoken of often, was now before us, as we passed within a few miles of it. We had seen mountains before, but they were forgotten, dwindling to insignificance as gazing at this vision; it at first deceived us for an inhabitant of the sky, so lofty clouds seemed at home, resting upon its time worn sides, and occasionally some more aspiring would gracefully wreath in flowing folds about its highest summit, leaving a bare peak exposed above, like a solitary island in the ocean vast. It was a sight to look at and not forget.

But we were obliged to hasten on, and in company with the rightly named Mad River, and *not in company with it*, (for that was running one way and we going the other) we accomplished our journey. But not so soon my object. To find the town clerk of Fayston I must go 4 miles up a mountain, through a wild wilderness. There was no alternative, must go. P. of course went with me. We had a most romantic time and I must not be particular to state that dragging our weary bodies up (for the horse could scarce draw an empty carriage) we now and then pass'd a miserable habitation composed of logs. Then it commenced raining in torrents. Amid darkness and in despair almost of finding the man, we arrived at the notable's. The worthy man was at the *next* neighbor's about half a mile at some other direction in the woods, for we here appeared to be at the end of the road. Dispatched a boy after him. On his arrival I made known and

accomplished my business. Now the question was whether to retrace our steps down the mountain or remain through the tempestuous night under the rude shelter of a log hut. My friend P. chose anything rather than the latter, and amid the thick darkness and rain preferred returning at the risk of the horses' and our own necks. Mine host laid out the dangers of the way at such a time, which necessity had made familiar to him; and his buxom wife, lent her voice, by no means weak, in civil persuasion for us to stay. But the rough and darkened features, discordant tones and coarse attire of these children of the forest, did not seem to correspond with P.'s ideas of civilized society, nor the interior of their habitation, with his notions of comfort and refinement. Distrusting their intentions in wishing to detain us, it really appeared to him that the elements and man were combined in our destruction. To me it seemed so highly *roam-antic*, that I though not of danger, and pitied poor P.'s timidity. But the trump decided that we should remain, and after discussing a bowl of milk warm from the cow, and brown bread, that to me relished well, were pointed to our corner of the room, where on a pallet composed partly of skins of wild animals, I resigned my cares soon to somnus, watched by those little visitants of heaven, that twinkling shone from every direction, through the cracks, holes and crannies of the wooden walls enclosing us. Were it not for noisy insects, the friendly domestic creatures of the yard, fowls, etc., that had sought the same shelter with us, and the occasional dropping of the rain, as a shower had suddenly come up, upon our luckless heads, I should have had nothing to disturb my requiem. Not so my friend Parker. The poor fellow lay on daggers all night, and although he implanted his purse in the very toe of his stockings, he had no expectations, if fate should allow him to see the morning, of finding his deposit unmolested. Suffice it to say, that chanticleer at last proclaimed the dawn of day and awakened us from our disturbed sleep, when our "dire alarms changed to merry meetings." As soon as possible we were retracing our way down the mountain, fully satisfied with the adventures of the previous night, and decided never to commit ourselves so far in the woods again, without some assurity of what we might expect. Called on Mr. Richardson of Waitsfield who made me proposals, in company with another gentleman. Also received offers from Mr. Wait former proprietor of the land,

and Mr. Hastings and Campbell for several lots. Appointed a day when I would be at Waitsfield again, and decide upon their offers. Arrived at Montpelier in the afternoon much fatigued.

Our time was now taken up through the day with our pictures [miniature painting], and in the evening, when not monopolized by the ladies, the companionship of a few "bon vivant" friends happily afforded us no chance to sing "Begone dull care." Piercie Walton, Saml. Prentis, Willm. Clark, etc. were trump cards, and I would like to encore the many delightful times over a bottle of wine in days "sin Auld Lang Sine." Mr. Colbourn, our landlord, and his lady were ever kind and accommodating. They set a table luxurious in every variety, with *good servants* so that we felt quite at home.

We were now repeatedly shocked though at a distance from the scene, by the blasting of the mountain of rock, for the foundation of the capitol. It appeared a great undertaking to remove such a mass of solid stone, covering near an acre of ground, from twenty to thirty feet deep, by the agency of powder. But they did not spare in the quantity of this Aeolus's confined air, using two or three barrels at a blast, and the effect was most tremendous, frequently throwing fragments of a hundredweight into the heavens, till they appeared a slight speck, or projecting pieces of a ton's weight, in other directions, to great distances. They first by drilling deep holes and charging them, forced a seam or crack along a portion of the rock they expected to detach. Then filling the chasm to a certain depth with powder, they closed the remainder with sand, beat in as hard as possible. A slow match conveys fire to the very bowels of the devoted rock, and thus the work is complete, making it in an instant a shapeless projected mass of ruins. The greatest explosions were appointed to take place at a certain hour, so that individuals might avail themselves of the opportunity to witness it from safe positions. From the heights above we often watched the quick convulsions of the primeval adamant below and for the instant it would seem that chaos was again. The former state house, standing within the vicinity, was reduced to a complete skeleton from the random stones.

Took the stage in compliance with my arrangements and arrive at Waitsfield at the time appointed. Saw the gentlemen wishing to contract with me before mentioned, also several others. But

did not as yet close positively with any of their offers. Left with them however my best terms if they saw fit to accept, they were to notify me or call on a certain day when the writings should be given. I improved the present opportunity of visiting an Uncle, a friend of my Father's, Joseph W. Eldridge, Esquire, of Warren, Mr. Richardson politely offering his carriage. It was a pleasant ride of eight miles, and I soon arrived at his door. Making business partly an excuse, Mr. E. being acquainted with my father's affairs in Vermont, the prelude of an introduction over, I was cheerfully and kindly welcomed, and soon found myself agreeably at home under the roof of this paternal Uncle. He was a widower, his family consisting of two daughters and four sons at home. The daughters, young ladies, were extremely interesting, and in the short space of part of two days I became much attached to them, as to all the family. In leaving, it was with the repeated assurance that I should visit them again before we left Montpelier, that my cousins would permit me to bid them adieu. I despise the practice of cozening, as that word is generally accepted to mean, and consider the individual engaged in such an object, from sordid motives, as mean, beneath a beggar. But in sitting at the festal board, drinking the wine, and in communing with those near to us from the closest natural ties of consanguinity, there is a clannish yet generous feeling of unrestrained and lordly satisfaction, that is in the heart of every son and daughter of Adam to enjoy and call his own. But I will forbear my *reflections* in compliment to my journal, which honor I think would scarcely be repeated should accident place it in the hands of any one.

Soon after returning to M. wearied with the trouble and finding little advantage in delay, I closed sales for the whole of my Fayston lands, accepting the best offers. As balance in the sale of one lot of 110 acres, I received a fine horse. 'Twas a convenient appendage and afforded us many pleasant rides. In this business respecting which I had to rely on my own inexperienced judgment, and among strangers, I felt myself much exposed, to fraud and although commanding the services of one of the first lawyers, I was harassed with doubts and fears. Thankful was I when *the day closed the Deed* and knowing myself cheated most rascally in several instances, from ignorance of facts, I would not again go over what was just finished, were the privilege mine to have rescued all that I lost. One scamp who had rode about 20 miles

to see me, considered I was in duty bound to close a sale with him at his own price, which both being in a haste to do, he threatened a prosecution for damages, saying such I agreed to do, and that I was liable for a *breach of promise*. Ha! Ha! well, if it had been to some beautiful damsel I should not have been surprised. My first reply to him was an *apostrophe*; and I pointedly showed him the door. But a little reflection satisfied me. I had better conciliate the matter with this *man of blasted hopes*, though under no obligation to him; which I did, paying his trouble, etc. Alas the littleness of mankind, how few of its fellows display the least glimmerings of a soul, if indeed they possess one.

I now felt quite light hearted that this weight of business was fairly off my mind, and we soon began to make preparations for leaving Montpelier. There were a number of unfinished pictures on hand, which we exerted ourselves to finish on an appointed day. But it was quite impossible, people aware of our intentions came flocking in and our engagements multiplied instead of diminishing. This most certainly was gratifying, and alone would have made me contented, did we not fear that cold weather would overtake us before we could accomplish our projected tour to Montreal and Quebec, which indeed was the acme of our anticipations. Some time previous we had completed the miniature of Miss Hand, an elegant young lady. I had frequently admired her, accidentally meeting in the street, and the fortunate pleasure of painting her picture was succeeded by a growing intimacy that at least smack'd of *Friendship*. 'Tis a pleasure to mention the names of those we like. Tho' I would not here attempt to portray la historie of la belle de Montpelier. The charming face of the daughter of Mrs. Ferguson, wife of the Lieut. Gov. was before us about this time. Miss Howe, also Miss Wright, daughter of the clergyman. These with several others under way at the same time were the last pictures we finished in M.

Almost secretly for fear we might again be interrupted and detained, I had the evening previous to August 7th, taken seats in the stage for Burlington. All things were in readiness, trunks packed, bills paid, the last picture just to be delivered, when in pops our friend Walton, with Mr. Wing, of Albany, and his sister, and a carriage drives to the door with a gentleman and lady. All were urgent for their pictures, but no; "we were off, as the fly said." The stage drove up, and with repeated promises that we

would surely return again, leaving them somewhat uncivilly in our otherwise deserted room, shook hands, jumped into the coach and thus soon bade adieu to Montpelier. Our very lengthened stay had been universally pleasant, nay delightful, and we left with many regrets, but tho' I do not think it,

"The past is nothing, and at last
The future can be but the past."

Had the pleasure of the company of Miss Hawley, to whom we were introduced at a party a few evenings previous, as far as her father's, where her place was supplied by her young and beautiful sister, to her school within a few miles of Burlington. It was a great relief to the senses, like a burthen thrown from my shoulders, to once more feel the invigorating breeze, unbroken by Alps. To extend the vision around the circling horizon, unobstructed in the distance. My spirits heightened as I could not have anticipated. Passed through the towns of Middlesex, Waterbury, and Williston, places of little interest. Situated on the Onion river, these towns as well as Montpelier, are subject to violent inundations occasioned by freshets in the spring and fall. One object of interest on the route, is a natural bridge, over the river, at which the stage stops for passengers to visit if requested. It is a short distance from the road, and we should have unluckily pass'd it unnoticed but for our agreeable companion. We viewed it from the summit, where on the verge, for nature did not also make railings, the head becomes exceedingly dizzy from the rushing, whirling, foaming motion of the water in the deep and rugged abyss below. The mass of rock projects from either side, in the shape of a bridge not quite uniting (as by art) in the centre, and I should judge at an altitude from the water of 150 feet. 'Tis a rude specimen of nature's architecture and I should think might well pass for the antique. Scrambling back to our coach we were soon again in the winding way. A hearty dinner served us a good turn, and now we were all expectation to see Burlington. The jealousy of its rival city Montpelier, had lowered our ideas by detraction, and entering it we were well calculated to be surprised. In the first object the rear of the colleges present themselves. The next instant the eye catches a glimpse of the Bay of Burlington, on which B. is situated, and with a fascination of delight, wanders freely over the voluptuous scenery there present-

ed, with feelings almost of intoxication. Driving through a paved street, I observed many elegant buildings. But were soon at our hotel in:

Burlington, Vt., distance from M., 40 miles. Our intention had been to have remained a few days, expecting the pleasure of meeting Miss Jewet, who had proposed visiting Montreal. Also to make the acquaintance of Hugh Moore, Esqr. favored with a letter from Mr. Spalding, Secretary of State, Montpelier. Meeting unexpectedly, at the boat, some friends that would go up the lake that night, we were over persuaded to join them, and immediately had our baggage brought on board, deferring the visit at B. till our return. The season for an excursion on the lake was surely most opportune, for never did the sweet heavens look a purer azure, the unruffled water a milder calm; and the soft elastic atmosphere with each respiration seemed buoyant with health. With the satisfaction of being aboard the most splendid and best boat on the lake, with acquaintances and friends in company, which gives a zest and fills up all the blanks when journeying, we did not regret our prompt tho' somewhat fickle course. At 7 o'clock left the wharf and now on:

Lake Champlain. "That great big pond half full of water." A strange feeling pervaded me, "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." The scene fraught with events such as have here transpired, can but call forth emotions the most serious and fervant. The mingling blood of thousands shed in a cause to statesmen, so sacred, has but too dearly consecrated the ground. Tho' "Unkenneled, uncoffined, and unknown," the gallant victims a sacrifice to War's insatiate thirst, found in the careless flood below a watery grave. Their "noble deeds and daring high" live fresh in the memory of each reflecting mind, and passing over the identical spot, where Macdonough snatched from Neptune the trident and crowned his brow with laurels; to imagination the gallant heroes are vividly before us, engaged in the event so singularly decisive in its circumstances, momentous in its results and honorable in the highest degree to its able commander. Long may it be ere the waters of this now peaceful lake are again crimsoned with human blood. It grew rapidly dark after leaving B. and the indistinct view we had of it from the boat was soon lost. After a supper in keeping with everything else connected with the Franklin, we early sought our berths. Reflections upon

the vicissitudes and circumstances that propel and guide man's frail bark, a voyager upon life's wide ocean, occupied some restless moments, but wearied nature at length claimed its own.

The morning dawned upon us within the lines of the British dominions as we were just passing the Isle Aux Noix in the Sorel or Richelieu river, having left the lake several miles. We did not regret having passed the lake in the night as in returning we should have an opportunity to notice every object of interest. It was still quite early and the chance for observation very unfavorable. I therefore neglect remarking any points of scenery occurring between Burlington and St. Johns, L. C. until our return. We rapidly glided over the smooth waters of the river, and August 8th, Sunday morning about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 o'clock lay safely long side H. M.'s wharf at

St. Johns. We were now fairly entered the lists for Canada, and in company with several of our fellow travellers, improved the half hour before breakfast in a hasty survey of the town. It is extremely uninteresting, except in point of fact, having been a place of contention between the French and English, and also in the Revolutionary War. The appearance is at the most unassuming, and generally mean, dirty, and disagreeable. We entered the Catholic Church, which on the inside is unfinished, tho' the outside bears the impress of many years. One of the apostles placed on a pedestal, between the two steeples, rigidly watches the consecrated doors. 'Twas not an hour of worship. Turning from this we sought our hotel where after a very fine breakfast, the carriages were soon in readiness for La Prairie. Our company in the stage were gentlemen passengers up in the boat, and getting under way, from St. Johns, the first few moments were occupied in examining the variety of coins so current in Canada called coppers, and in trying to ascertain their value. They were showered upon us at the hotel, each individual having a handful. But in the whole stock there were scarcely two alike, and as to their value, we were quite at loggerheads. Any piece of brass in the form of a cent, a hammered button, will pass for a copper, the value of a half penny sterling. An American cent is in Canada worth no more.

The road between St. Johns and La Prairie is over an alluvial country following for a few miles the river Sorel and then traversing the thickly inhabited plains in a direct line to St. Lawrence.

On British soil, amid a French community, we naturally looked for novel sights and national peculiarities. But nothing met the eye as strikingly foreign. The houses, like many in the back states, built of blocks, differing only in being always painted white, and frequently with thatched roofs. The land is laid out in long lots of an hundred acres and sixty or an hundred feet wide, which generally comprehends a farm. The soil is rather cold, but very tenable and no stone. In the language which everywhere assails the unaccustomed ear, the story is palpably told, and then in the complexion, dark eyes, hair, swarthy skin, there is an obvious difference from the states people. We were informed that the French Canadians inhabiting where we past, are a people extremely indolent. Without ambition to arrive at independence, they are content to earn daily enough to subsist upon in poverty, only remembering their tithe to the priest, in which to them sacred duty they never fail. The devotion of the Catholics to their religion is certainly most praiseworthy, and they are an inimitable pattern to other sects who consider themselves superior. Their punctuality and zeal in attending to their religious exercises, was particularly noticed in passing along, as there appeared no little cottage but what sent forth its inmates sober to church, and the peasantry from a distance, mounted in their rude challottes, jogged patiently along, forming almost an unbroken procession for one or two miles. The distance from St. Johns to La Prairie is eighteen miles. Before arriving at which, however, we hailed the banks of the St. Lawrence, that are seen at a distance, and when we withdrew our eyes from that object of great interest we did not immediately recognize in the miserable dirty avenue through which we were passing, in mud and mire to the carriage box, the principal street in

La Prairie. But presently a church reared itself majestic, high in air, with glittering turrets and shining cross, from this dense mass of filth and apparent wretchedness. The symbol, showing itself in reality what the veritable Priests teach to hide in their faith: the high seated gorgeous tyrant, over the voluntary ignorant rabble below. The carriage turns an angle of the building, and we have a scene from the far interior of the church, the kneeling multitude fill up every niche, intruding upon each other's heels and extending back not only to the door, but into the very middle of the street. One poor fellow's shanks, of greater di-

mensions than the others, just escaped grazing from our wheels. As we rode by, not a head was raised to notice us, nor a movement indicative of life, no more than had they been so many of the carved statues they worship. We now approached a more respectable part of the city and soon stopt at the Hotel nearest to the S. Boat wharf where we embark to cross to the greatest city of the far north, Montreal. It is plainly seen from La Prairie, lying a short distance down the river on the opposite bank, but the distance of *nine miles* dims the sight so that it appears a confused mass. The Boats were returning, for which we had to wait. To fill up the time, with our company, we returned to the church, which then was almost vacated except a few individuals, bowing before their patron Saint. We entered, went up to the altar, which was highly decorated, looked at the pictures of which there were a number, but not of much interest except that they were quite old and had been rescued from the flames in the conflagration of the old church upon the same site.

The boat bell now hurried us back to secure our baggage on board, which was soon accomplished. The great opposition between the boats crossing has reduced the price next to nothing, it being four coppers only. As it was Sunday, a leisure day, the boats were crowded shockingly with the lower class of people, crossing back and forth for the pleasure. There were probably five or six hundred on board and what was worse, we were detained at least an hour and a half, expecting each moment to start, before we got under way. The crowd were principally composed of French with a few Irish, enough to kick up a row, which of course was soon the case, and then, Bedlam and Parnassus, this indeed was a moving one. The Irish all black and thunder. But the French not so loud, reminded me of the angry collisons of a large flock of Blackbirds, as I have sometimes seen them and heard them upon a neighboring tree. I expected to have been struck with the view of the river, but here it deceives one into the impression of a lake or bay which of course would have many superiors, and thus the effect is weakened if not lost. But we had little time to contemplate this; scenes thickened upon us. We were rapidly nearing the great mart of British America, and soon we lay long side of its beautiful wharfs.

Montreal. The transition from the water to the land was so quiet that we scarce had a separate view of the city; in fact, the

effulgence of the sun's rays reflected from its tin'd roofs and steeples was so dazzling that it was scarce possible to look attentively at it. On arriving there was great difficulty in landing. The rush was so great that I got separated from the baggage, and was some alarmed for fear of losing it. We mounted a finely paved quay or wharf which led by a flight of granite steps to another and into one of the principal streets in the city. It required no powerful effort of the imagination to conceive that we were arrived in Europe. A town compactly built of stone, without wood or brick, indicating permanency and a degree of antiquity, presenting handsome public and private buildings, an active and busy population, saluting the ear with two languages, but principally French—everything seems foreign, and we easily feel that we are a great way from home. Our effects safely deposited in Bellamis Hotel, where we had the good fortune to find accommodations, we were shortly ushered to our room, of which I will say nothing; it was the only vacant one in the house. Happy enough were we to throw ourselves on a bed of any description, but this was comfortable. An hour's repose and we sallied forth strong and curious, greedy to swallow each novelty with every sense.

We were much annoyed at first by the importunities of the calash men stationed by every corner and alley, who perceiving that we were strangers, insisted on *taking us in*, as one had already done. The only way we found to deal with them (as they are a pack of rogues) is to make a bargain with them beforehand, if their services are required; if not, pass them unnoticed, else they will hang on and perhaps insult you. We extended our walk through St. Paul's St., Notre Dame, etc., the principal business streets. Went through the market. Stop'd before the Marble Monument and statue of Lord Admiral Nelson, and returning to our dinner, had a distant view of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the largest church on the continent. Everything we saw appeared foreign and we were strongly impressed with the idea of an European city. At dinner there were seated at least an hundred gentlemen, a few ladies. This being an American house, the company were mixed and a number from the states, travellers. All were extremely polite and attentive to each other. A gentleman resident of the city, kindly offered to conduct us to the English church in the afternoon, where I much wished to go.

We made a fine meal as there was nothing wanting in the table or in the servants. I only found one inconvenience. The water in the Canadas contains some mineral qualities, which render it unsafe for those unaccustomed to it, to drink it, except boiled or with brandy. Ale is much drank as an alternative.

Going to church with our truly polite friend, Mr. Lyman, we passed near the grand Cathedral, before mentioned. I shall forbear all remarks respecting it and much else till our return from Quebec. On entering the aristocratical tabernacle of English nobility, The Episcopal Church, the military band was playing "God save the King," and the first appearance of the red coats of the soldiers, caused me to start, being unexpected. The building is fine and the interior furnished with richness. The English officers in uniform, occupied seats near the pulpit. The clerk in the desk also in uniform. I never before thought so seriously of military government of despotism. Service over, the troops march out in regular order to the command of the trumpet, and form a line in front of the church. Their appearance was elegant, and marching to their barracks, we followed a short distance admiring their discipline and music. It being early we walked through different parts of this city of stone walks and iron windows. Visited the Champ-de-Mars, the beautifully built quays, the soldiers' barracks, etc., etc. We retired early after tea, fatigued from traveling and having had but little rest for several days. Refreshed from our sleep, we early Monday, the 10th, obeyed the summons to breakfast, and now had the day before us to dispose of in Montreal, having decided to take the evenings Boat for Quebec. Our friends, Evans, of Boston, and Worcester of Peacham, Vt., would not be persuaded to accompany us farther, but decided to take the returning Boat for the land of liberty, home. We of course bade them farewell with reluctance. The day was unpleasant, which deprived us some amusement, and at night the weather became tempestuous, storming violently, which we regretted much but made it no cause for our detention.

Left Montreal for Quebec Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the Steam Boat Canada, one of the most splendid Boats on the St. Lawrence, and amidst the greatest confusion I ever witnessed. The rain poured in torrents, rendering the fast approaching darkness still more gloomy, which however seemed to have no

effect in deterring the multitude from embarking. But it was one continued rush to secure berths and to secure baggage. Servants in livery, ladies, and beggars, hurrying to and fro, assailing the ear with a jargon of strange sounds, it was sometime before I was positively aware that we had quitted the fine wharves of Montreal, and were in fact passing over the rapids which gave origin to the beautiful Canadian Boat Song of Thomas Moore. The tempestuous weather locked every one into the cabin, which tho' spacious was literally crammed; and in conversation with some acquaintances, while the gallant boat dashed on at the rate of 16 miles an hour, we occupied ourselves till bed time. Having neglected to apply for berths in season, with many other luckless wights, we were obliged to take settees, and thus slept as soundly on till morning while borne o'er the mighty waters of one of the noblest rivers in the world, as tho', in the land of my birth, I were gliding down the smooth waters of the unobtrusive Connecticut. The early dawn ushered us upon deck, anxious to discover into what new scenes the passage of the night had brought us. It was very easy to deceive oneself into the idea that we were in Long Island Sound. The expanse of the water in length was unobstructed to a great distance. The shore on one side lost in a dense fog, the other to which we approximated nearer, green with vegetation, composed a view familiar on the Sound. As the sun, drinking up the thick vapors of the night, illuminated the scene, its character became fully developed. The neat white-washed cottages of the French peasantry, studding the flat shore on either side, and dotting the wide extended alluvial plain in every direction, and sometimes grouped together in snow white clusters, with the glittering spires of their churches and nunneries shining in the sun's rays, formed the pleasing picture of quiet and comfort on shore. We frequently observed on the Sorel river the French women washing at the water's edge. The same employment is noticed here as we neared the shore. Sometimes the clothes are placed on boards and pounded, and at other times the women dance on them in the river, slashing the water about like ducks, seemingly as much for frolic as for work. There are but few observations to be made on the part of the St. Lawrence that we pass, owing to the great sameness which prevails along the banks. They are extensively so low that they seem in many places hardly to form an adequate barrier against the occasional

swelling and overflow of the great river which they limit. In truth, you will hardly be satisfied that in some places the water is not actually higher than the shore. Though passing objects became uninteresting in this new country, from the general want of variety, there was nothing of ennui experienced for want of excitement. There is, in the contemplation of the mighty river itself, sufficient to fill the mind with wonder and admiration. Almost from the other hemisphere, its waters accumulating at its head quarters, in Lake Superior, (where the wild savage yet lords it undisturbed, and alone skims its vasty surface,) from thence it floods into Michigan, forming the several great seas of the north in its chain, at length concentrating its majesty leaves Lake Ontario as the St. Lawrence, and thus for near six hundred miles bears its broad Bosom, now smooth and quiet. But when opposed or combatted, like the passions of men, turbulent, till widening and strengthening, it approaches, mingles, and becomes one with the world of waters, the ocean. I have thus soon traversed in fancy from its origin, to its termination, and fancy might thus traverse the globe. But what inland waters from their highest source, cover so immense a territory as the St. Lawrence? None. It is unrivaled in extent. Objects are worshipped or rather wondered at, as they in any point, exceed all others. This is one of the Lions of this most wondrous world. What will philosophers ascribe to be the necessity for the creation of so much water, when for man his element is land, and he requires it not for his comfortable, happy existence? Say ye for whales?

But 'tis not the senseless element alone that excites feelings of interest; in association with it, reflection hurries the imagination back through the dark vista of centuries. The untutored sons of nature then thought the world their own, when the St. Lawrence knew no other burthen than their freighted light canoes and reflected from its surfaces naught of art except perchance the rude wigwam of its unskilled tenant. In the primitive simple city of his creation, free of the vice of civilization, unrestrained by the affected arts of educated ambition, the Indian felt himself the happy Sagamore of the wide and beautiful lands encircled by the horizon. From the eminence of some high hill, the smiling and open country outstretched at his feet, he would exultingly view its extended plains and count the blue mountains and glitter-

ing streams, satisfied to call them his own. They were a happy race. And in the happy ignorance of their race, worshipped the great Maniteau, who designed them as they were, and presided over their destinies, in most single hearted purity. But the disease of death is among them, and from those to whom in their necessity they open'd the bosom of friendship and extended the hand of kindness and relief, was received the poisoned chalice. To white men, to Christians, they are indebted for the deep and slavish wretchedness of their most miserable constitution. Who then will start at Chocorua's curse and at its thrilling depth, cry, savage? He would be an hundredfold the heartless monster ascribed him by unfeeling ignorance, could he quietly and unimpassioned, look upon the decay of his people, now reduced to a remnant, that once numbered like the trees of the forest, see and feel the sickening spirit of annihilation, moving rapidly on, that soon must work, and forever, the utter extinction of his race from the earth. No wonder is it that his solitary heart, 'though Indian' should bleed over its loneliness; and seeing the unjust cause of his injuries, in the deceitful author of his wrongs, that from his soul deep seated, should burst in awful vengeance, the terrible maledictions upon him: the treacherous, faithless pale-face.

I have left the St. Lawrence, my journal, and I fear the world of reason and common sense. I will now to the notice of objects for my memoranda, relating things as they are.

We had passed Trois Rivières in the night. The third city in this province, half way between Montreal and Quebec. All travellers sleep one night on board the boat while journeying between the cities. They should arrange to alter the hours so that on their return they may view by day that part of the river they had before passed by night. We were in the morning sixty miles from Quebec. The neat villages are plainly distinguished on shore, with their spired churches, at some of which the steam Boat occasionally stop'd for passengers, shipments, or wood. Pass'd Deschaillons, Lotbinière, St. Antoine, etc. At S. Croix the seigneurie appertains to the Ursuline Nuns of Quebec. At forty miles from Quebec we pass the Richelieu Rapid. Arrived at the Chaudière river, the beautiful one arch bridge thrown across it, is observed and at times we are told the spray is visible, rising from the falls. They are described as grand, and we regretted

much we could not visit them as our time would not permit. We were now six miles from Quebec and all were on the look out on tip-toe anxious to get the first glimpse of the Phoenix. In the distance down the river a high cliff nearly intercepts the prospect, this is the promontory on which Quebec is built, and it is called Cape Diamond from the numerous quartz crystals found on its limestone and slate formations. Soon is seen a range of hills skirting the horizon, these are beyond the falls of Montmorenci. Now we had pointed out to us *Wolf's Cove* on the left, thus distinguished from its being the place where that General and his troops made their memorable ascent to the Plains of Abraham in September, 1759. On the right Point Levi, with its verdant scenery as contrasted with the naked barrenness of Cape Diamond, interests the eye. And now as we approach nearer this famed Gibraltar of America, the view of the heights frowning upon the wharfs and vessels below, the walls of the Citadel and the Castle of St. Lewis, with the large buildings for the officers barracks, arrest attention.

A HISTORY OF GOSHEN

By NATHAN CAPEN

1816-1900

The manuscript of this town history was prepared about 1887 by the then town clerk of Goshen. It was evidently written for publication in the Addison County History, but for some reason, another account was substituted. In 1922, the manuscript was deposited by Benjamin Bowker of West Rutland, and his daughter, Mrs. F. A. Ferris, of Brandon, in the Addison Probate Court, at Middlebury. Early this year, the Judge of Probate, the Honorable Charles I. Button, brought it to the attention of the editor. With the consent of Mr. Bowker and the assistance of Judge Button, the original manuscript has been transferred to the Vermont Historical Society. In preparing the manuscript for publication, some errors in spelling and grammar have been corrected. A partial abstract of town expenses for roads has been omitted. A letter by the author, evidently intended for newspaper publication, in which he states that this history was prepared at the request of an agent for the Addison County History, and was to be the author's payment for one copy of that volume, which agreement was not performed by the publisher, has also been omitted.

This is the first document handed to the editor for use in the Proceedings by anyone not an officer of the Society. It is to be hoped that many others will follow Judge Button's example in this respect.

BY AN examination of the charter of the town of Goshen, it appears that the towns of Leicester, Salisbury, Ripton, Hancock and Philadelphia were either chartered or granted previous to September 2, 1791, the first Goshen charter being dated February 2, 1792. For some unexplained cause, it was rechartered November 1, 1798 to the same parties, John Powell, William Douglass and sixty-five others, the land which was in the future to constitute the town of Goshen.

It being found by the survey of the above named towns that there was land unsurveyed and unappropriated, but not of sufficient quantity for a township of six miles square, there being

only 13,000 acres here; the deficiency was made up by granting two gores similarly situated in Caledonia county: one, Wheelock, containing 2828 acres, and, Walden of 7339 acres. The original proprietors levied taxes on their lands for the purpose of defraying the expenses of surveying and allotting their lands, making roads, etc.

In the year 1806, Jabesh Omsted from Pittsford, Vt., found his way to Goshen and secured a title to lot No. 50 of 200 acres (Half of the Omsted lot is now owned by Arnold Ayer.) Here in the wilderness, with the assistance of his son, he laid up the body of what was to be a log house. Being past middle age, with a second wife and family of small children, he made slow progress in finishing his future home. Although his wife was sick, such was his anxiety to be on his land during the sugar season that he moved his family in March, 1807, and, with the assistance of three men, brought her on a bed. And here, within the walls of that log hut, without a floor, rafter, or roof save a few boards and brush to cover their beds and shelter them from the storms of that inclement season, could have been seen March 15, 1807, Jabesh Omsted and Mary, his wife, and daughter, Lydia, the first inhabitants of the town of Goshen.

Omsted succeeded in clearing a few acres; but coming here in debt hoping to retrieve his broken fortune, he worked hard and fared harder. In the fall of the year 1810, one of his creditors took it upon him to close up the concern. At that time, the civil process ran in this wise, "And for the want thereof take his body." It did not take a very rigid scrutiny of Omsted's effects to satisfy the officer that the body must pay the debt; so he was taken from his family and incarcerated in the jail at Middlebury.

He soon obtained the liberty of the yard; but the time he was required by law to stay was too long for any other purpose than to prove that imprisonment for debt was but the relic of a barbarous age. And in his case, it was too well exemplified. He wrote to his family saying that on a certain Saturday night he would be home. When that Saturday night came, they watched with the greatest anxiety for his return, the children often running out while the day lasted to see the first appearance of "Father;" and after dark, listening to every sound in their eager anxiety to greet him. The mother often walked short distances in the direction she expected him to come, and told the writer, "I

made it my rule not to go out of sight of the house for if I had I shouldn't have known where to have stopt." Saturday night to Mr. Omsted's family wore off drearily. He did not come. There was a lurking feeling that he might be sick, but hope sought to alleviate their fears by suggesting the probability of his staying somewhere to attend meeting on the Sabbath, as he was an Exhorter. They waited anxiously through the day. Monday brought a dreary east wind and snowstorm which rendered traveling almost impossible. While Mrs. Omsted was preparing breakfast, a stranger knocked at the door and inquired for her. She said, "I knew he brought tidings and without further preliminaries I asked if Mr. Omsted was sick." He replied, "Very sick." After a moment's pause he added, "He was alive when I left him but there is no probability you will ever see him alive." Mr. Omsted died the morning the messenger left. Preparations were made to bring his body home for burial that his family might have the cold satisfaction of looking upon the lifeless form of that beloved husband and father. But either through fear of having the debt transferred to the person who should remove him or some other unexplained cause, he was buried in Middlebury.

Jabesh Omsted died February 14, 1811. His children by his first marriage were Henry, Demis, David, Lemuel, Jonathan and Moses; by his second marriage, Lydia, Martha and Mary. Mary was born in March, 1811, and is the wife of Wolcott Baird now living in Chittenden, Vt. Wolcott Baird, jr., a grandson of Mr. Omsted, now resides in Goshen.

In 1808, Joseph Carlisle with his wife and three children, Joseph, jr., Amy and Asa, came to Goshen from Plymouth, Vt., and commenced improvements on land now owned by John White on the south side of the lot and near the north line of the Capen farm. His was the second family in town. Here on the 15th day of April, 1810, was born Mial Carlisle, the first male child born in Goshen. He died in Brandon, Vt., April 26, 1886, at the residence of his son Ransom. Mial Carlisle was a resident of Rochester and a well-to-do farmer. Joseph Carlisle was a hard-laboring man, but riches never appeared to be for him. He was a good mechanic, trustworthy, never fearing to denounce wrong or to contend for the right, and a good leader in vocal music. His children were Joseph, Amy, Asa, Mial, Anna, Amasa, Sylvia, and Sarah; of whom, Joseph, Amasa, Sylvia and Sarah

are now living. He died in Michigan at the residence of his son Asa, September, 1859, aged 74.

David Ayer with his wife Mirriam and their children, David, jr., Ira, Betsy, Nancy, Arnold, Merriam and Louisa came here from Brandon in 1808 and made the first improvements on lot No. 1 in the southwest corner of the town on land owned by Barnd [?] Overbeek. He died October 1857, aged 88. Hannah Ayer, the mother of David, died February 17, 1832, aged 83. David, jr., married Tabiatha Allen, both deceased. Ira married Sally Bragg and is now (1886) living in Brandon, Vt. Betsy married Cyrus Osborn and she is now a widow living in Peterboro, N. H. Arnold married Anna Parks. He is now a widower. Nancy married David Grandey by whom she had one daughter, Melissa, the wife of Alonzo Johnson. She was afterward divorced and married Jesse White. Merriam married Josiah Dartt and lives in Wisconsin. Louisa married Samuel Brown and is a widow. Her home is in Illinois.

The children of David Ayer, jr., and Tabiatha (Allen) Ayer were: Erie; Arnold; Sophia, the wife of Enold Rogers of Pittsford; Mary Ann, widow of Dan Bog, [Bogue?] living in Pittsford; Electa, the wife of Edward Jackson of Ticonderoga, N. Y.; Edwin; Hiram; and Laura, the wife of James Smith. Arnold, Edwin and Hiram are inhabitants of Goshen and are industrious and well-to-do citizens. Daniel Ayer, jr., died January 16, 1875, age 79. Tabiatha, wife of David, died September 13, 1873, age 75.

Jonathan Omsted came here in 1808, and began improvements on a part of his father's lot near the southwest corner, where they lived three or four years. He then moved into improvements bought of his brother Henry, where hard work and harder fare soon compelled him to remove to St. Lawrence county, N. Y., in 1816.

On a certain occasion Omsted with the assistance of a friend went to look for a bear which had broken loose from a trap. As good or bad luck would have it, they came across the ugly, cross-grained old denizen of the forest who evidently felt more like declaring her independence and fighting to maintain it, than beating a hasty retreat; so she turned upon Omsted with her mouth open and paws extended, snapping and snarling, showing a willingness to embrace him with a hug. Omsted stood with his gun at charge bayonet as unconcerned as Patience on a monu-

ment. His friend called to him to run; yet he stood despite his entreaties till he could nearly reach the bear; then Omsted fired into the bear's mouth and said, "I fired in order to give her the full benefit of all I had in my gun . . ." But said his friend, "What if your gun had missed fire?" "I should have run around that birch tree."

Abdeon Owens sought a home here, coming from Salisbury, Vt., and bought twenty-five acres just north of David Ayer; but finding a backwoods life an uphill business, he soon left with his family.

Reubin Allen came with his father's family, in 1809, at the age of thirteen. He grew up a strong, resolute, persevering man; whatever he undertook, he accomplished. He was leader for a long time of the M. E. church and it was largely through his efforts that our Meeting House was built in 1848. He was an efficient officer in town affairs, prudent and careful in executing the trusts confided to him; he was often chairman of the board of Selectmen, oftener than he deserved, and represented the town in the Vermont legislature in 1884-5. Nor was he derelict in his own affairs, as he cleared up and worked a large farm. He worked one evening with a blacksmith, bought the tools next day, and ever after did a large amount of that kind of work in connection with his wheelwright business. Between the years of 1820 and 1840, the log buildings were generally superseded by more commodious framed ones. Allen's perseverance and activity made it an object for the townsmen to obtain his services to frame and erect their buildings. In 1832, Silas D. Gale built a large barn and as Allen had done the framing, Gale inquired of him if he thought it could be raised without rum and added "the general opinion is that it can't be done." Allen said, "If that is what you want, it *can* and *shall* be done. Invite your help and have it understood the work is to be done with cold water only for drink."

This was the first experiment of that kind ever tried in town and it proved a success. When the frame was raised, the malcontents who had sat around idle spectators came up. Allen addressed them thus, "Gentlemen, *I have erected my last frame with spirits in any form for drink.*" His determination was never questioned nor his *ability* doubted.

Reubin Allen removed to Randolph, Wisconsin, in 1854. He

returned to visit the scenes of his youth where the largest and best part of his life had been spent and to greet his old friends made dear by their active public lives and religious associations. He died on the 14th day of November, 1868, aged 72.

James Cowen came to town in 1823 from Pittsford, Vt. He built a house across the brook just north of the burying ground, where he, his wife, and daughter, Artemissa, resided. He was a man of uncommon intellect and wonderful memory. I have heard him say that for forty years he could repeat the texts of every discourse he had heard preached and the occasion of its delivery; and that in three days after its delivery, he could repeat every word of each sermon preached from each text. He was a pious and exemplary man and almost invariably attended meeting. In argument he was systematic and lucid, cogent in reasoning, and logical in discourse. On one occasion where the ordinance of baptism was being administered, after all those who had requested had been baptized, Cowen stepped forward and said, "Here is water. Why may not I be baptized?" "If thou believest, thou canst," said the old man. "I believe." But his belief not being sufficient to satisfy the ministering official, he was not baptized. His religious belief was Restoration. On one occasion, he stated in meeting that he had had a passage of Scripture on his mind for some time; and as there was no appointment for a certain Sabbath which he named, he would try to talk on that subject. And for fear he might get confounded, he would give out the text there; and in case of his failure, the audience could help him. But the old man was adequate for his subject. A few days after the delivery of his discourse, he said he shouldn't preach any more for no sooner had he got one passage of Scripture from his mind than another was impressed upon it. He composed several pieces of poetry of which one only is to be found; and that was written after he was eighty-one years of age, but a few days before he died, and shows the state of his mind at the time. He died May 13, 1845.

My ears are deaf, my eyes are dim,
And vision flees away;
My memory fails, my strength far spent,
My flesh must soon decay.

I listen but I cannot hear,
I gaze but cannot see;
Bless God I feel and that to me
Is good as good can be.

Some fragments of my broken thoughts
With me yet still remain;
To Jesus I devote them all,
And bless His Holy Name.

Sometimes I fancy I can hear
The holy angels sing;
While they seem hovering round my bed,
Borne by their golden wings.

They seem to waft a heavenly breeze
Which proves a royal feast;
When I am fanned by angels' wings,
I'm freed from all distress.

My time is short for death draws near,
A happy change for me;
Thus to depart and be with Christ,
To all eternity.

Noah Allen and Reubin Grandey, the father of Allen's wife, settled here in the spring of the year 1809. Allen came from Sudbury, and Grandey came from Leicester, Vt. Allen's family consisted of a wife and five children, Reubin, Martin, Tabiatha, Alvin and Erie; to which were added in process of time, Polly, Sally, Noah, Saloma, and Numan. Allen, being of a strong constitution and industrious turn of mind, soon drove the forest back to make room for improvement and cultivation. With the care of his family, clearing his land, making roads, and all, claims upon him consequent upon a new settlement were met with cheerfulness. Encouraging the despondent, seeking and assisting the needy were his characteristic traits.

He was chosen one of the Selectmen when the town was organized and was often afterward called to fill that and other places of trust which he did with care and fidelity, although political preferments were not congenial to his taste. Such was his anxiety for the settlement and prosperity of the town that he was by

many of the settlers accorded the honor of being the Father of the town.

Making sugar was an industry that Allen early engaged in. Troughs made of the white ash dug out with an axe were substituted for buckets. Potash and five pail kettles were used to evaporate the sap. With such an outfit, Mr. Allen, with the assistance of his boys, in one season made one thousand pounds of granulated sugar and one barrel of molasses in ten consecutive days—an unprecedented feat in those early days.

The soil would willingly second the efforts of the settlers in sending forth crops to reward honest labor. Mr. Allen raised on three and one-half acres of land 1360 bushels of English turnips in one season. It grew to be a proverb that any man could raise large crops of any kind, if Uncle Noah's services could be obtained to sow it. He died May 20, 1844, age 72.

Reubin Grandey was seven years and six months a soldier in the war of the revolution. He came here from Leicester, Vt., with his wife and son, then fourteen years old, and made the first improvements on lot No. 49, the farm now owned by John B. Ferson. He was a quiet unassuming man contenting himself with his domestic concerns, an exemplary man, somewhat aged when he came here. His wife, Sally, was a fit helpmeet for him. She was careful about wounding the feelings of others or of stirring up controversies. On a certain occasion on meeting with a number of her neighbors, Mrs. Grandey heard a remark not strictly in accordance with her ideas of propriety and reproved them in this manner, "I fear you will get to talking about your neighbors. Let us talk of God." Reubin Grandey was the first person buried in our cemetery near the meeting house. He died April 30, 1819: his wife died September 23, 1822. There is no stone to mark the spot where the old soldier and his wife were laid away. Their graves are still to be found.

In 1810, Simeon C. Davis, Joseph Davis, Lemuel Tobey, Nathan Capen, Erie Grandey, Grindal Davis, Levi Davis, Anthony Baker and George Walker came to Goshen from Massachusetts.

Nathan Capen came to Goshen, December 10, 1810. He staid the first night in a small shanty near the county road on the east line of lands, then owned by Nathan Hawley, and for a long time since, owned by Daniel Hooker and his descendants. He secured

the west half of lot No. 50 and commenced improvements by cutting and fixing for building a house. He was then but twenty-four years of age and unmarried. But it being fashionable to build houses in those days, he built and furnished one to suit his taste where he kept house alone for nearly four years. He did clearing up and all work incumbent upon all new settlements, often working roads more than two miles in Brandon. As boards were drawn from Hall's mill where Newton and Thompson's spool and box mill now stands in Brandon, a road to that locality was indispensable.

He was appointed town clerk when the town was organized which office he held twenty-eight successive years; Justice of the Peace nearly the whole time; delegate to amend the Constitution in 1828; and was elected to represent the town in 1830 by a unanimous vote which place was accorded him six successive years. He died March 12, 1852, age 66.

His children were: Assenath, the wife of J. N. Dartt, who died in Nebraska; Nathan; John; Charles; and Minerva, the wife of Numan Allen, who died March 15, 1886.

In 1811 Simeon C. Davis made the first improvements on the farm now owned by Perry I. Ayer, a son of Ira Ayer and grandson of David Ayer. He erected buildings, cleared off land, etc., working with such energy that he was enabled to clear off and plant one acre of potatoes the first season, that being the largest field yet planted in town. Simeon C. Davis was married to Lydia Tobey on the 11th day of August, 1814. It was the first marriage ever solemnized in Goshen. At that time, it was a provision of law that all intentions of marriage should be made public by the Town Clerk at least eight days before the marriage. On Sunday, July 24, 1814, at a meeting for religious worship held at the dwelling house of Noah Allen, the proper officer made public announcement of the intention of marriage between Mr. Simeon C. Davis and Miss Lydia Tobey; whereupon Mr. Davis made the announcement of the intention of marriage between Mr. Nathan Capen, of Goshen, and Miss Mary B. Jepherson, of Randolph. In the fall of the year 1814, Mr. Davis removed from town. Mr. Mial Carlisle occupied his place.

Joseph Davis made the first improvements on the north half of lot No. 28, lands now owned by Stephen Salls and Melvin Baker. He removed to Middlebury, Vt., in 1815.

Grindal Davis with Levi, brothers of Simeon C. and Joseph, made the first improvements on the south half of lot No. 28. He was chosen first Selectman when the town was organized in 1814; was appointed delegate to the Convention to amend the Constitution in September; and was chosen representative to the General Assembly. He removed from town in 1815, to Yates, N. Y., where he lived a wealthy and respected citizen.

Anthony Baker came to town from Sudbury, Vt., April 10, 1811. He commenced improvements of the farm long owned by Martin Allen, and now owned by Albia A. Ayer, son of P. I. Ayer. Baker built the first sawmill in 1817. He was chosen first Constable and Collector at the first town meeting.

Mr. Baker's children were Almon G; Anthony S., deceased; Polly M., widow of John Brown of Michigan; Olive S., widow of S. S. Fletcher; Loren H., now Town Clerk of Ripton; Harry H.; and Prudence, wife of Chester Allen. Anthony Baker died July 25, 1873, age 84: his wife died November 29, 1874, age 88.

Erie Grandey came here in 1810 and began improvements on land long owned by Abel Walker. He built his house on the top of the hill south, and a few rods west of the spot, where Reubin Allen built a saw mill in 1837. On the west side of the road, nearly west of two appletrees on the east side of the road, the cellar and embankments around the house are still to be found. Patriotism was a characteristic of the Grandeys. The army seemed to be their home, as a matter of course. Erie left Goshen, March 18, 1812, and enlisted May 12th in the army. He came back for a short visit to his family, returned to the army and died of disease, June 18th.

Lemuel Tobey began improvements on lot No. 26, now owned by John and David Lonergan. He built his house, staid about five years and left in 1815.

In 1811, George Walker purchased one hundred acres of lot No. 29, the north half, now owned by Calvin F. Persons and commenced the improvements. His family lived in Shutesbury, Mass. He worked a portion of his time to pay for his land. He managed in this way until 1822, when he moved his family to the home he had cut out of the wilderness here. His children were: Louisa, the wife of Lewis Russet, of East Middlebury; Nancy, deceased; Abigail, the wife of Darius Crooks, of Brandon; Betsy, wife of William Tucker, of California; Susan, deceased;

George, of East Middlebury; and William, of Rutland. Four years of the time between 1811 and 1822, he worked for Benajah Douglass, of Brandon, in payment for his land. In this time, he had sold his land to Samuel White. He and Samuel Sampson worked together till March 1815, when they redeemed to Walker and left town. Walker died at Brandon, October 8, 1878, age 90.

William Carlisle, a revolutionary soldier for seven years and months, came here in 1812, from Plymouth, Vt., and began improvements on the west part of the lot No. 26, land now owned by Perry I. Ayer. His children were mostly grown up and married. Their names were Lewis, Joseph, Polly, William, jr., Betsy, Mial, Lydia, and Martin. One of the girls married John White, a brother of the wife of Benjamin Phelps. White commenced on lot No. 2 near the southwest corner, stayed a few years, and removed to Michigan. Another daughter married Arba Greenwood who owned land here but was never a resident for any length of time. Lydia married Lyseum Spear from Amherst, Mass., who settled here in 1823, and undertook the care and support of his wife's father and mother, which arrangement was of short duration. The old people soon followed their son, Mial, to Randolph, Vt., where they died at an advanced age.

Mial's children were Philena, Phelancy and Marcellus. The father followed the fortune of his son and removed to West Windsor, Vt., where he died.

James Fitts, a son-in-law of Reubin Grandey, came here from Leicester and began on the north part of the lot then owned by Grandey. Here, by industry and hard labor, he made him a home and raised a family of children. They were: Eunice Sophronia, the wife of William Carlisle, since deceased; Sally Maria, the wife of Franklin Bump, of Salisbury, Vt.; David G., removed to Wisconsin, his whereabouts being unknown; and James, jr., who is now, 1886, a respected citizen of Salisbury, Vt. James Fitts was a much respected citizen, often faithfully filling places of trust and responsibility to entire satisfaction. He was a justice of the peace most of the time while he resided here. Of him, James Brown a rhymester, facetiously said:

James Fitts fills out the writs
And David Grandey serves them.
It is a disgrace to this place
And to every one that employs them.

James Fitts removed from Goshen to Salisbury, Vt., in the year 1838, where he died a respected citizen.

Asa Grandey, a revolutionary soldier, moved into the house with Anthony Baker. His family consisted of his wife, Jehial Cisco and wife, their son Jared F. then a minor boy, brother to Grandey's wife. Asa Grandey's son, Asa, jr., and David Omsted, son of Jabesh, were killed at the battle of French Mills. Grandey had a son, Sanford, in the army, also, who was in the battle of Plattsburgh. Such was the noise of that battle that the guns were heard here. The old patriot and his wife walked the road before their house, wringing their hands in an agony of grief, expecting to hear that Sanford was killed. Asa Grandey was never the owner of land in Goshen. He left town in the year 1814 with the Ciscos and Newel and Timothy Egleston who were probably relatives, as they came and left together for some destination over the lake.

Abiathar Pollard came here in the year 1812 with his wife, who was a sister of Asa Grandey's wife, and moved into the house built by Nathan Capen. He was a revolutionary soldier and was in the battle of Red Bank. He used to say he was one of the four hundred men under Col. Greene who defended Fort Mercer against the British attack, and fired sixty rounds of cartridges before the contest was decided and the enemy left them. He died December, 1813, the first grown person that had died in town. He was buried near the west line of lot No. 50, by the side of the road. There is nothing to mark the spot where the old patriot was buried and occasionally wagons are driven over his grave.

Benjamin Phelps came here from Swansea, N. H., in the year 1813. He purchased improvements and finally settled with his son, Reubin, on lot No. 1, near the southeast corner of the lot now owned by Ellen and James McGibbin. He took a decided stand in favor of the church and its responsibilities. Truthful and upright in his intercourse with his neighbors, he died July 5, 1857, age 89: his wife Mary, died December 25, 1856, age 87. She had been a constant and faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal church for over seventy years.

John White, a brother of Mrs. Phelps, settled and made improvements on the southwest corner of lot No. 2. He had previously married a daughter of William Carlisle, sr. He stayed but a few years and removed to Michigan.

In March of the year 1814, there were seventeen families in town and twenty-five taxpayers. The interest in schools, the support and making of highways, and the providing for the poor were considered of such importance that organization as a town was deemed advisable. Accordingly a sufficient number petitioned Henry Olin, of Leicester, a justice of the peace for the county, to warn a meeting for that purpose; which was answered in these words:

STATE OF VERMONT	}	ss.	Whereas, application hath been made to me by more than four respectable freeholders of the town of Goshen to warn a meeting of the inhabitants of said town for the purpose of electing town officers:
ADDISON COUNTY			

Therefore, notice is hereby given to the inhabitants of the town of Goshen to meet at the dwelling house of Simeon C. Davis in said town on the 29th day of inst. March, at ten of the clock fore noon of said day, to act on the following articles: 1st, To choose a Moderator to govern said meeting; 2nd, To elect all such officers as the law directs.

Given under my hand at Leicester, this ninth day of March, 1814.

Henry Olin, Justice of the Peace.

Goshen, March 29, 1814. Town meeting opened agreeably to notification. Henry Olin, Justice of the peace, presided till Samuel White chosen Moderator. Nathan Capen, Town Clerk, sworn. Grindal Davis, Noah Allen, Anthony Baker, Selectmen, sworn. Joseph Davis, Treasurer, sworn. Simeon C. Davis, Nathan Capen, James Fitts, Listers, sworn. Anthony Baker, Constable and Collector of town rates, sworn. Joseph Davis, Grand juror, sworn. Simeon C. Davis, Nathan Capen, Fence viewers, sworn. Joseph Carlisle, Pound-keeper, sworn. Mial Carlisle, Sealer of weights and measurers, sworn. Nathan Capen, Tithing-man, sworn. Grindal Davis, James Fitts, Anthony Baker, Hendrick Hyer, Surveyors of highways, sworn. Henry Omsted, Lemuel Toby, Haywards, sworn. Samuel White, Grand juror; Joseph Carlisle, Nathan Capen, Simeon C. Davis, James Fitts, Petit jurors.

Voted to dissolve the meeting.

Attest: Nathan Capen, Town Clerk.

Martin Carlisle, on becoming of age in 1815, commenced improvements on lands long owned by Jesse White, now owned by Morgan O'Brien. He was the owner of the first new lumber wagon ever brought to town. The boxes in the wheels did good service in three new wagons and five of them are now doing good service in wheels owned by the writer. Martin Carlisle was a stirring, industrious, public-spirited man. If there were sick and suffering, *he found it out*; and, perhaps, had attended more funerals than any other man in his acquaintance. He lived in town until 1824. Such were his attachments to the place and his old friends here, that he chose this place, the home of his youth, for his remains to sleep their long forever. On hearing of the expectation of a battle at Plattsburgh, he with a number of other men equally imbued with the spirit of liberty and patriotism procured all the equipment in town and started. If more equipment could have been obtained, more men would have started with them. Liberty was a sentiment. On their arriving at the Goss tavern, now the Poor Farm in Brandon, young Carlisle met the doctor who had treated him through a fever the year before; who upon seeing such a squad accoutred in the panoply of war, immediately inquired if he was going to Plattsburgh, and said, "If I had known this, I would have put a stop to it last fall." Without further ceremony, young Carlisle charged bayonet upon the doctor in dead earnest, who hurried to widen the distance between them, exhibiting a decided specimen of swift locomotion.

Isaac Gale came to town the last week in November, 1816, and commenced improvements on lands which have ever since been owned by his descendants, Charles D. and John S., his grandsons. His children were: Square S., Silas D., Isaac, jr., Martha, Elisha W., and Augustus. The last two named are the only ones living. Square S. was for a number of years nearly crippled and helpless. His father had found at some earlier date a singular looking stone nearly as large as a man's hand, of oval shape on one side, and smooth and flat on the other, perhaps one inch and a half thick striped with grey and green. While in this crippled condition, during his boyhood days, young Gale was allowed this stone for a plaything. In the event of time, he had acquired the habit of placing it in his hat and holding his face over it. The discoveries he made gave it the name of the Philosopher's Stone.

He soon won a reputation for discovering lost articles about the premises, and of course, his wonderful exploits had to be tested. Articles would be hidden and represented as lost. He would always discover them and tell their whereabouts and say, "Where you put it," always discriminating between the real loss and the feigned one. Money diggers began to engage his services to disclose the whereabouts of the "chest of coin"; bee hunters to find trees containing the hidden sweets, but he directed some bee hunters to a tree filled with yellow wasps, once. This amusement soon came to a sudden and singular termination. The father and mother left for a visit, taking with them their decrepit son. When in a few days they returned their son performed most of the journey on foot, an exploit he had not done for years; and never after would he look at the stone for discoveries. His mother concealed the stone from his children till after his decease. When his mother died, the mysterious stone was taken from its hiding place by Mrs. Cornelia Phelps, a daughter of Square S. Gale, and carried to Wisconsin.

William Carlisle, jr., came from Cavendish, Vt., in March, 1816, and purchased the improvements of Lemuel Tobey. He was a tough, hard laboring man but never wealthy. The children of his family now living are: William, jr., age 85; Tryphena, 83; Amos, 81; Deborah, 78; Alheta, 73; Sally, 70; Isaiah, 58. William Carlisle, jr., was a man of good memory and a great story teller. Such was his style of relating anecdotes that he would always enchain the attention of an audience around him and even children would sit in breathless attention to hear him. He would relate with precision the most minute circumstances. That his stories were strictly true there could be no doubt for he always related them exactly alike, word for word, when he repeated them. He died May 11, 1858, age 79: his wife, Tryphena, died May 14, 1858, age 74. Tryphena Shedd, mother of Mrs. Carlisle, died March 12, 1851, age 89.

Amos Boynton came to town, April, 1817, from Plymouth, Vt., and commenced improvements on lot No. 2 near the southwest corner, where he resided two years. Then he bought improvements of Henry Omsted where Barnd Overbeek owns. His family were Ziba, Sally, Lucinda and Clarrissa. Ziba married Lois Clark. He was a preacher in the Protestant Methodist persuasion and reached the position of Presiding Elder. Sally

married Gurdin T. Whitmore. Lucinda married Erie Allen. They all died in Wisconsin. Clarrissa married Earl D. Whitmore, a brother of Gurdin. She died in Goshen: Earl died in Michigan. Amos removed to Plymouth, Vt., where he died, age about 87.

James Stickney came to Goshen from Townshend, Vt., March 14, 1823, and on his arrival moved his family into the log school house in District No. 2. He had purchased one half of lot No. 5, where he began improvements. As the result of misplaced confidence, at the age of thirty-five, he was stripped of all he had accumulated, by industry and good economy, for fourteen of the best years of his life, with the exception of one yoke of oxen. Buying his land on credit, he, as almost all the first settlers, undertook to save something from his timber by making blast furnace coal and drawing it to Brandon, seven miles, for four dollars per hundred bushels. It was slow work to raise a living for a family, make buildings and fences, secure crops and coal to make payments for land. Consequently creditors would often feel a little restive; but nothing crooked or unjust was ever imputed to Mr. Stickney in his dealings with men. He lived to see his farm cleared up, comfortable buildings, and a family of respectable children: Mary Ann, married — Abernathy, of Cornwall, Vt.; Jonas R., is a much respected citizen of Leicester; Sarah A.; Warren H. died in Waukau, Wisconsin, January 14, 1848, age 27, a young man highly respected and much lamented by all who knew him; Shubel R., now a citizen of Brandon, much respected, was born in Goshen, October 22, 1824, shared largely in offices of trust and responsibility in Goshen, for two years Constable and Collector, represented the town in the Vermont Legislature for the years, 1857, 8, 9, 1860, and 1867; Nancy Augusta, the wife of James Carson, now residing in Brandon, Vt.; and Jane E., married Lucius R. Allen. Since Allen's decease, she has married Edward Dartt and now resides in the vicinity of Randolph, Wisconsin.

Ambrose Rising and Gardner Gale built the first house and cleared lands on lot No. 7 where Hiram Gay now resides. They came here in April, 1825, stayed about two years and returned to Barre, Vt., the place of their former residence.

Samuel White and Samuel Sampson, his brother-in-law, came here in 1813 from New Salem, Mass. They made some improve-

ments on lot No. 29 that White had bought of George Walker. While Walker was at work paying for the land, White and Sampson were doing something in the way of clearing up; but in 1817, they had both reconveyed to Walker and left for New Salem.

The question of dividing the town of Philadelphia and annexing the north part to Goshen was early considered and decided as a matter of convenience to both Goshen and Chittenden. An amicable adjustment and division was effected by the towns interested, and confirmed by an act of the Legislature at the October session, A. D. 1814. Phineas Blood, Daniel Hooker, Jonathan Loveland, Jonathan Bagley, Theodore A. Cary, Lazarus Cary, Thomas Smith, Charles Blood, Robert Mason, Harvey Copley, Jonathan Kendall, William Jones, Samuel Robbins, Willard Robins, Nathaniel Belknap and Amos Sawyer were made inhabitants of Goshen by that enactment.

The first clearing on the annexed portion was made by John Hooker and Chester Goss, in the year 1800, on lot No. 19, then owned by Daniel Hooker, the father of John. They cleared five acres, set out apple trees, never erected buildings on the lot, but sold their improvements.

Phineas Blood with his family consisting of a wife and three children, Cynthia, Nancy and Charles, came here from Acworth, N. H., in 1806, and made the first improvements in land now owned by Romeo M. Brown. The first frame barn in this part of the town was built by him and is still standing (1887). Between the years 1806 and 1820, he had built four log houses on different parts of his land and one framed house. Cynthia married Robert Mason; Nancy married Martin Carlisle. Phineas Blood represented the town in 1815 and 1816, was a Justice of the peace in Philadelphia before it was divided and also in Goshen from 1815 to 1822, was three years and three months in the war of the revolution, and died September 10, 1822, age 60 years.

Charles Blood, on becoming of age, commenced on a part of his father's farm in 1810. His children were: Maria, the wife of Jacob Cary, now living on the old homestead (1887); Miranda, widow of the late Silas D. Gale; Otis, now of Newhaven, a bachelor, living with his sister, Delight, the widow of Caleb Cole and now widow of Israel F. Enos; Lois, the wife of John Whitcher; Phineas, now resident of Indiana; Morris, the husband of Me-

linda Allen; and Emily, the wife of Truman Towle, now residing in Sac county, Iowa.

Robert Mason married Cynthia Blood. His children by his first wife were: Joseph, who lived here till 1852 when he removed to Wisconsin where he died; Mercy, the widow of John Brown, jr., living in Wisconsin, 1887; Eunice, the wife of Elnathan Knapp died in Brandon. His children by his second wife were: Roswell; Norman; Putnam; Robert; and William now residing in Wisconsin; Volney, now (1887) residing in California; Cynthia married Joshua Goss, and died in Wisconsin some years ago. Robert Mason moved to Wisconsin in 1835 and died there.

Nancy Blood was the wife of Martin Carlisle. They had four children: Alma, the wife of Orange Smalley, living in Brandon; Lysander, now, 1887, living in Wisconsin; Lauriston died in Wisconsin; Amanda died in Rutland. They died comparatively young.

Nathaniel Belknap, with his wife and one child, Sophronia, came here from Dublin, N. H., in the fall of the year 1810. When they arrived at Esq. Blood's, they were sheltered in an outshanty used for housing geese. New settlers at that time were anxiously awaited and all the neighbors were soon informed of their arrival. New acquaintances were made and friendships formed which ever after were remembered with gratitude and affection. Mr. Belknap stayed there three weeks; in which time he erected a small house and said he, "I moved into my house here in the woods when there was but one board on it, and that I brought from New Hampshire." And Mrs. Belknap said, "For weeks I could lie in bed nights and count the stars." Mr. Belknap said, his eyes brightening, he then being 76 years old, "I tell you, we saw hard times. The young folks now-a-days couldn't begin to stand it as we did. I have been more than a mile beyond Pittsford village to buy a bushel of corn. I couldn't find it between here and there. When I paid for it, I had to take five pecks because I couldn't make change. I started for the mill, got it ground, shouldered it, and carried it home." "But," he added, "I didn't get off the bed next day."

He had traveled at least twenty-six miles that day, thirteen of it with five pecks of corn-meal on his back. His second winter was a hard one. Said he, "I took a job lumbering in Pittsford, bought a yoke of oxen and calculated to work my way through

the winter and have a team in the spring; but my oxen sickened and died as my cow did, also, before spring." At one time that winter, he undertook to draw a small load of hay from near where the Dodge grist-mill formerly stood, where water-power is now used, and is known as the Stone sawmill. His oxen failed and he had to unyoke them. He drove them home with difficulty to an empty hovel, with a cow starving, and all the hay he had to feed was what he carried with him on his back.

Mr. Belknap was never pleased with political preferment; but on a certain occasion he said, "I believe if I was one of the Selectmen I could get rid of that pauper before a year." The case seemed desperate and Mr. Belknap was appointed chairman of the board of Selectmen at the next annual meeting on the 4th day of March 1834. Due to either Mr. Belknap's sagacity or other fortuitous circumstances, he with the cooperation of the board succeeded in ridding the town of a very expensive burden. But neither his pride at his success or his ambition for promotion would encourage him ever to take office again. Mr. Belknap was a very reserved man in his language, seldom using a profane word. The nearest I ever heard from him was when during his pet scheme of ridding the town of the pauper he was told of the machinations of a certain person to thwart his plan. He gave his head a sudden jerk back and said, "I vow, faith, I wish to God the devil had G——n." Mr. Belknap died April 20, 1860, age 76 years, 7 months, 8 days.

David Carson with his brother, James, came to Goshen in the year——. He was born in Lower Canada and at the age of 11 years made his home with John Brown, jr., where he resided and worked nearly or quite a year; in which time the question of a guardian for David was agitated by the civil authorities in fear of the cupidity of those surrounding him. Next after this, he worked for James Fitts two years. The first year, he was to have twenty dollars, which hardly clothed him, and three months schooling; the next year, he had the same privilege of schooling and twenty-five dollars, Mr. Fitts being so well satisfied that he made David a present of five dollars. This was the first money that young Carson had received. From here he earned wages and saved them, working for seven years for Erie Allen. The question of guardianship was abandoned forever. Carson married Polly Maria Allen, daughter of Reubin and Dolly Allen, January

10, 184—. Removed to Randolph, Wisconsin, August 25, 1855, where he has resided till the present time, July 20, 1888, having accumulated a handsome property and enjoying the respect and confidence of all.

July 18, 1822, Joseph Clemmonds, a resident of Goshen, was drowned in the forge pond near the new furnace. He, with a boy about his age, Douglass Whitmore, stopped to bathe leaving their team by the roadside meanwhile. As neither of them could swim, they agreed if either of them was likely to get drowned, the other was to give the alarm before dressing himself. When young Clemmonds got beyond his depth, Whitmore performed his part of the agreement; but before help could be obtained, life was extinct. His age was 18. He was the son of Joseph and Rebecca.

On the 27th day of March, 1828, Lorenzo, son of Reubin and Polly Phelps, was drowned in Phelps mill pond in Goshen. The child had been in the water but a few moments and had never sunk as was evidenced by his clothes not being all wet. Mrs. Phelps drew him ashore with a stick, but he could not be resuscitated. His age was 2 years 7 months, 27 days.

October 12, 1831, Mrs. Charles Preston committed suicide by hanging on the outside of the barn door, she using a part of a skein of linen yarn to produce that result. She had warned them of what she was tempted to do. Her age was 35.

In December, 1834, Aaron, three year old son of John and Polly Lyon, was scalded by sitting back into a pail of water so that death ensued.

June 20, 1847, Hannah Tyler, age 51, wife of Jonas Tyler, hung herself with a harness strap. She tied the strap to the upper round of a ladder, climbed through, and broke her neck in the fall.

On the 15th day of November, 1853, Alonzo Mason was killed by the fall of a tree or by a limb broken off by a falling tree. He with Horton Lester, John White, George Dutton, Lucius Allen and Orvis were cutting saw logs. They had playfully indulged in the careless sport of falling trees as near each other as possible, not giving the alarm until the tree was well started, then calling out, to see each other scramble. Such carelessness is sure, if persisted in, to produce the same results and is but little less than criminal. His age was 26.

On the 11th day of October, 1866, Jesse Snow killed himself by hanging with a rope from scaffolding over the barn floor. Age 37.

On the 26th day of October, 1866, Samuel T., son of William N. and Lucinda Dutton, was scalded by sitting back in a pail of water, so that death ensued the same day. His age was 2 years.

February 24, 1869, William Tyler, son of Jonas and Hannah Tyler, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. Age 36.

August 15, 1872, Sarah Jane, daughter of William N. and Lucinda Dutton, was killed in an attempt to climb into the window of the schoolhouse, in District No. 1, Goshen. The window fell and held her by the neck until life was extinct.

January 15, 1883, Clarence A. Briggs, three year old son of Scott K. and Anabell, was scalded by falling in a pail of water so that death ensued in a few hours.

May 17, 1884, Alfred H. Knapp aged 55, was crushed to death by the turning over of a load of wood, throwing his horses upon him. Every effort of the horses to get up resulted in sliding them more upon Knapp. The boy with him ran for help, but when he returned Knapp was dead.

On the evening of January 29, 1830, George H. Dartt while coasting between the Wesleyan meeting-house and the burying ground dislocated his elbow.

January 25, 1841, Edward Harvey Schuyler Dartt, while a scholar in the District No. 1 schoolhouse, fell on the ice and frozen ground back of the schoolhouse while running at play and hurt his knee, rendering it stiff and straight. He writes at the age of 63 that he has broken the joint twice, but it is still straight and stiff.

In November, 1826, David Ayer, jr.'s house with all his household furniture was burned to the ground. The fire was caused by storing shavings under the floor for the purpose of kindling fires. His little girl, Sophia, in playing with lighted shavings lighted one through the crack of the floor which set the whole house almost instantly in a blaze. This was done Saturday between 3 and 4 o'clock P. M. The next Tuesday night, he with his family slept in his own house; the inhabitants generously contributing in labor and material to produce that result. It was the first house burned in town.

In the year 1831, about the 1st of September, a barn well

stored with hay belonging to Martin Allen was struck by lightning and burned up. This made it very costly for him to winter such stock as stern necessity compelled him to keep the succeeding winter.

In March, 1837, a dwelling house standing on the farm now owned by John R. Fersons, owned by Blake Hammond and Company and occupied by Samuel Thatcher was burned. The furniture in the upper rooms was all burned; what was in the lower rooms that was saved was much damaged by fire and carelessness. It was a heavy loss for Mr. Thatcher.

August 27, 1874, the dwelling house belonging to James R. McGibbon, built by John Capen and standing near the Dartt sawmill site, was burned with its contents, while McGibbon and his wife were searching for flowers for a birthday party. The loss was nearly or quite covered by insurance.

April 28, 1846, the dwelling house of Charles Washburn was struck by lightning, the fluid coming down the chimney and stove pipe, taking the sleepers of the floor, going out through the banking, and killing five sheep lying on the house banking. When the fluid went through the room, Mrs. Washburn sat back toward the stove. Other members of the family were in the room but none were hurt.

In the early evening of June 7, 1865, the dwelling house of Samuel Washburn was struck by lightning. The fluid literally demolished the chimney and tore up the floors, followed Mr. Washburn's leg and foot into his boot and tore the top of the boot from the bottom, leaving a very painful foot for Mr. Washburn to care for a number of days. Other than this no one was hurt, although the main business of the fluid was done in the room with the other members of the family.

About July, 1867 or 1868, the dwelling house of William Tyler was struck by lightning. Mr. Tyler and his step-mother were in the house. The house was filled with electricity. The description given by Mr. Tyler was that the room was full of little sparks. Such was the downward pressure of the fluid that the legs of a chair were forced through the floor. This made three houses within a radius of a half mile struck by lightning and no lives lost in any instance. The houses were seriously demoralized.

In the winter of —, Ebenezer Johnson, Erie and Alvin Allen, the snow being deep, with a sharp crust, went out in pursuit of

deer. Mr. Johnson, feeling the necessity of a knife with him, put a loose shoe knife in his pocket. After discovering their game, in the eager haste to secure it, Johnson fell upon his knife cutting through between the ribs near his back-bone in the region of his kidney a gash between three and four inches long.

GOSHEN CHURCH HISTORY

The first settlers would occasionally meet for religious instruction on the Sabbath. Baptists, Congregationalists, Christians and Methodists would all meet and worship together. Samuel Bancroft from the south part of Philadelphia was the first Baptist preacher. Jabesh Omsted was an exhorter of the same faith. Edward B. Rollins, of Randolph, Vt., was the first Christian preacher, and Nathaniel Alden, of Ripton, Vt., the first Methodist preacher. It was the custom to invite the ministering officials of the adjoining towns to come and preach when best they could. Appointments for preaching in the busy season in the afternoon of a week day would be carefully circulated and invariably secured good audiences. Ox teams and all means of conveyance at hand would be brought into requisition to bring out old and young to hear their instructions.

The first persons to be baptized in town were John White, Nancy Blood, Lydia Carlisle, and Hannah Smith, in 1815, by Rev. Edward B. Rollins. In the same year Amos Sawyer and Fanny, his wife, and Merriam Ayer, the wife of David Ayer, were baptized. These seven members constituted the first Christian church.

Elder Abiathar Knapp was the first minister that settled in Goshen. He came from Shrewsbury, Vt., in 1822, and reorganized the Christian church or society, December 9, 1822. The names of those constituting the church at this time were Abiathar Knapp, Amos Sawyer, Lois Blood, Fanny Sawyer, wife of Amos, Cynthia Mason, Nancy Carlisle and Anna Knapp. This organization existed till the 18th day of April, 1846. The whole number of members was forty-six, never over twenty at one time. Since that time, it has existed in name only. Elder Knapp preached here for eight years. He represented the town in 1829, removed to Moira, N. Y., the fall of 1829, and died in Missouri, January 4, 1880, age 94 years, 11 months, 17 days.

The Methodist Episcopal church was organized in the year 1818. The members constituting that organization were: William

and Rebecca Clark, his wife, and Polly, their daughter, at this time residents of Leicester; and Benjamin and Mary Phelps, his wife. Other names were added. They slowly increased until the winter of 1826-7, there was an awakening of the religious feeling and the religious societies increased in numbers, new names being added to their organizations.

I can do no better than give the recollections of Mr. Martin Allen in church history. He came here with his father at the age of 11 and was a participant and actor in all things pertaining to the welfare of the inhabitants, both spiritual and temporal, for a period of thirty-nine years of adult age; when he removed to Randolph, Wisconsin, where he died March 4, 1879, age 78 years.

He says in a letter written in February, 1859, that "Mr. Omsted came to town in 1807 and was the first settler. He belonged to the Baptist Church. In a few years several families came but few had any regard for the Sabbath or religion; however, some came who made and regarded the profession of religion. In a few years ministers were invited to come and preach at their own convenience and mostly at their own expense. The first church was formed by Rev. Edward B. Rollins, of Randolph, Vt., and was called the Christian church.

"The Episcopal Methodists formed a society about the year 1818 and continued till the present time. Their number was small, not over fifteen at one time, until 1827, when it was increased to twenty-six. Soon after this, Sabbath preaching was obtained, one sermon in two weeks. More members joined until 1831. Private dwellings and schoolhouses were now too small to convene all who wished to attend meeting. The Methodist society built a small meeting house, twenty-four feet square. They now secured preaching one half of the time, organized the first Sabbath school, purchased a library and continued to prosper until 1844 when the M. E. church had reached its height of prosperity.

"From 1844 to the present time, it has gradually decreased until at present they are few in numbers and feeble in means. Between two and three hundred have at different times united with that church. The largest number at any one time was about fifty. In the year 1848, the present more commodious house of worship for the M. E. church was built by subscription.

"A number of years previous to 1844, the political Anti-Slavery

or Liberty Party had begun to make itself felt by obtaining a few votes for its candidates. The fall election of 1844 obtained thirty-two votes. The writer, feeling that his political and church action were inconsistent with each other, determined to withdraw fellowship from the M. E. church. Eight other members left for the same reason, also, and in March, 1844, organized the Wesleyan Methodist church, having much to contend with being few in numbers, and no place for worship.

"As we espoused the cause of liberty most heartily, the other political parties of the town sympathized with the old M. E. church; and made it up hill work, and quite steep at that, for the Wesleyans. But they prospered to some extent. In 1851, amid a war of words, they built a small but convenient house of worship, secured preaching nearly half of the time, organized a Sabbath school, purchased a library of over two hundred volumes. Yet ever few in number, never more than twenty members at one time, sermons and lectures have been delivered on various subjects, many of them very good. There has been a large amount of preaching in town for the number of inhabitants. I think four thousand sermons is a small estimate for the last forty years. I have heard one hundred thirty-six in one year and think I have heard three thousand in thirty years."

Signed: Martin Allen"

I would add to Mr. Allen's letter that here by mixing political with church action was lost that principle of "love which worketh no ill to its neighbor" one so necessary to all vital piety.

Abstract of the town of Goshen raising money to pay Town Bounties during the year 1861, 62, 63 and 1864.

Fourteen men enlisted for three years previous to the call of October 17, 1863 without Town Bounty.

One man received from the town about	\$186.00
he (Henry Ferris) having enlisted for three years from July 20, 1862	
9 nine months men received	612.00

\$798.00

Grand List of the town on which the above named sum was raised, \$894.99

Four men enlisted for three years, January 29, 1863 receiving	1,600.00
Which sum was raised on the same Grand List \$894.99	
Six men enlisted for one year August 15, 1864, receiving	3,600.00
Which sum was raised on the Grand List of that year \$816.43	
Two re-enlisted men received	500.00
raised on the list of 1868	
Whole amount of town bounties	\$6,498.00
Twenty-two received Town Bounties	
Three were killed in Action	
Four died of disease	
Thirty different men, three reenlisted and one stranger hired at Rutland for \$600 makes our whole number of thirty-four men who went in the United States service for suppressing the rebellion.	
Three paid commutation (Arnold Ayer, S. H. Washburn, Norman J. Phelps)	\$900.00
Two procured substitutes (A. S. Brown, sub. Robt. McGibbon killed in action); Andrew J. Hendee	600.00
Cost of collecting and assessing taxes and enlisting the men and forwarding them	500.00
Making the cost to the town collectively and individually	\$8,498.00

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